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### APRIL SHOWERS.

BY S. W.

Fast falls the fleeting April shower,
Splashing the busy street;
And overhead the dark clouds lower,
Hiding the sun's retreat.
Walking along through mud and rain,
Two heedless figures stray;
They care not a jot if it rain or not,
For their thoughts are far away.

Nestling close to each other's side,
Arm to arm firm pressed,
By the merest chance two hands out-glide,
And then together rest;
Two pairs of eyes, up-glancing, meet,
Then droop and turn away;
And the old, old story is told in the street,
This rainy April day.

Wonder we that their faces are bright,
Unheeding the passing shower?
Already for them the sky is light,
And rich with a sunny dower.
All clouds of doubt have vanished now;
The dancing sunbeams play;
And the future teems with golden gleams
Of a merry, joyous May.

Ah! time and place, they matter not
When fond hearts meet together—
Love chooses not one certain spot,
Nor careth he for weather!
But time and place have often wrought
As silks full strong in power;
And thus are hearts together brought
By the help of an April shower.

## THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE RAT'S NOSE IN THE TRAP.

Meanwhile Tim Sparks was having better success in his quest. He had gone rapidly on, after leaving Pike's, following the road at a dog trot that was likely to make short work of the three miles to Martinsville.

He passed the side road which Detective Fogg had taken. It ran directly west, and for the other parties to have followed it would have been like going back on their track. The boy saw this at a glance, and went on without pausing.

There was no other connecting road until he came within half a mile of the city. Here the avenue branched at an acute angle, one branch running directly to the city, the other bending more to the north and passing the upper extremity of Martinsville.

Here was the dilemma which Lovelace had foreseen. It was impossible to conjecture which of the two ways would most likely be taken. The only plan open was for him to wait in ambush at this point, and follow them when they passed.

It was farming country around here, though the straggling houses of the city began at no great distance. The road was bordered by a rail fence in part, though just here a bushy hedge formed its boundary.

He was not long in squeezing himself through a small opening in this hedge, in despite of thorns. Here hidden, with an eye on the leafy openings and an ear for the roll of wheels, he awaited the approach of his prey with all the caution and patience of the Indian warrior.

The delay which had been caused by Lovelace's offer to stand treat detained the men till some time after the boy had thus ensconced himself. It was not long, however, before he heard the distant sound of wheels. These rapidly approached. He waited with considerable excitement and impatience, his eyes fixed to the opening in the hedge.

The vehicle appeared in the distance, whirled quickly up, and thundered past the boy, turning, as it did so, into the northward road. It was the carriage for which he was waiting, and held his deceived tormentor, Jake; and the man whom he had seen at Pike's.

The boy sprang up from his place of concealment, full of enjoyment of his possible success. The hedge ran for a considerable distance along the road, affording him a safe cover from pursuit. Fast as the horse's hoofs thundered on the hard road, the boy's feet twinkled on the grass behind the hedge. The fences that crossed the way proved no impediment to him. He went over them head or feet first, whichever came handiest, and emerged from the hedge at its extremity almost on a level with the carriage.

There was a farm-house at this point, a high fence surrounding its immediate grounds. The pursuer was forced to leap the fence into the road, though fearful that he might be seen and recognized by the parties pursued.

But they drove straight on, looking only before them, and unsuspicious of the slight, eager form that followed with hound-like speed and endurance behind them.

This chase continued for a considerable distance, Tim gradually falling behind the carriage, but following still with resolute endeavor.

Habitations now appeared at intervals on each side of the road. They were entering the suburbs of the town. A street crossed the road they were on at a short distance ahead. Down this the carriage turned, and was lost to view.

The boy, with a sudden fear that he might lose sight of the objects of his chase, redoubled his speed, brushing by

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THE VEHICLE WHIRLED QUICKLY UP AND THUNDERED PAST THE BOY.

a quietly-passing citizen so rudely as almost to knock him from his feet.

In a minute more he had turned the corner of the street, and was looking eagerly down a straight reach of dusty and tree-lined avenue.

He was now fairly within the limits of Martinsville. On the right side of the street there were but few houses. On the left there was a row of small houses, in the middle of which rose a wall that ran for a considerable distance along the street.

The carriage was standing in front of this wall, the man named Bill being on the ground at the horse's head, and just about to lead him through open gates into the enclosure.

Tim ran rapidly down towards this point, but before he could reach it the carriage had entered and the gates were closed behind it.

He found himself in front of a high stone wall, quite too high for him to see anything but the limbs of trees over it. At the ends the wall ran inward of the same height, forming a strong enclosure. The houses that ran in a line with it did not quite come up to the wall, an open place being left on each side.

Tim stood and looked at it as a knight of old might have looked at the walls of the castle that held his lady-love.

"She's somewhere t'other side of that wall," he said. "I'm a-going for her if it was ten times as high and fifty times as thick."

He ran across the road, jumped the fence, and went some distance back into the field that lay beyond. Turning, he was here able to see over the top of the wall.

There was a thick cluster of trees within, and behind these rose the walls of a high stone house. It was a large building of three stories high, and covered by a peaked, shingle roof.

From where he stood he could see the third and the upper part of the second story.

Along these ran rows of high windows set high up in the wall. They were in great part hidden by the thick foliage but in some of the windows his keen young eyes plainly detected the straight lines of iron bars.

Tim scratched his head as he came back again into the road, having taken the fullest observation possible of the building.

The adjoining houses next attracted his attention. They were, as we have said, small and not overly clean. They seemed to be the residences of unaristocratic families.

Some boys were playing in the road before one of the houses. These Tim approached with the design of making inquiries.

"What do you call that place?" he asked.

"What place?" asked the eldest of the boys, stopping his play for a moment.

Tim answered by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at the building in question.

The boy looked up at Tim with a comical expression of countenance; then looked at the other boys and laughed. The others joined in his laughter.

"What's the fun?" asked Tim, not very well pleased.

"Don't ou know?" was the lad's answer.

"If I did, I wouldn't be asking a pack of dummies like you," answered Tim, angrily.

"It's a queer place," said the boy, "and all the queers go there. Maybe it's where you're going."

"Shouldn't wonder if it was," said Tim, looking back at the walls. "What is it, a hotel or a prison?"

The boy looked up as if he enjoyed mystifying his questioner.

"It's a kind of hotel," he said, "where all sorts of big bugs put up, and they like it so well that they never want to come out."

"Did you ever have anybody put a head on you?" was Tim's response.

"No, and I don't think it's in your shoe-leather," said the boy, bristling up.

"Get out, you snipe!" was Tim's contemptuous reply. "I could curry you down and lay you in the twinkle of a cat's tail if I cared to dirty my hands with sich trash. You ought to be learnt to give a straight answer to a civil question."

Tim looked so pugnacious that the boy drew back a few paces.

"You can't learn me!" he said, with a weak effort at defiance.

"Can't, hey?" said Tim, doubling his fists and advancing in line of battle.

The boy turned incontinently and ran from the threatening vision, followed by his companions.

Arrived at a safe distance they turned and laughed at their antagonist, who had turned on his heel and was walking disdainfully away.

Tim did not know what to make of the oracular utterances of the boy. He was more in the dark than ever concerning the character of the building. There were other persons in sight, but his first effort at questioning had been so unproductive that he did not feel inclined to follow it up.

For an hour or two he prowled around the building, keeping an eye upon the entrance gate, investigating the side walls, passing around to the rear, where the wall faced upon an open field, with a small wicket of egress into a path that ran across the field.

There were a few large trees in this field, one in particular that rose not far from the wall. It had a smooth trunk, and the first limb was ten feet from the ground. But this limb reached over and nearly grazed the top of the wall. Tim gazed at it as at a possible means of entrance to the mysterious castle, then glanced at the tree trunk and shook his head doubtingly. He even went up to the trunk, clasped his arms around it as far as they would reach, and essayed climbing. It was too much for him. He slipped back after attaining a few feet of elevation. Nimble as he was, he could find no hold for hands or feet in the smooth trunk.

He stood for a moment looking at it discontentedly; then with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, turned away and began again his restless pacing of the walls.

The wicket was locked; there was no entrance for him by that route. He followed the wall to its junction with the street. As he reached this spot, a large wagon loaded with hay was passing. While he stood looking at it, a carriage drove up from the opposite direction and went rapidly by. The first glance at its occupant told the boy there was something familiar in his face. A second look enabled him to recognize Detective Fogg. He drew quickly back lest the sharp-eyed officer should see and know him.

The astute officer was evidently trying to double on his escaped prisoner, or rather on the man whom he had signally failed in making prisoner. But of the adventures of his employer, Lovelace, Tim was profoundly ignorant. Otherwise he might have repaired to the hotel and laid in wait to put him on his guard against this dangerous movement of his enemy.

The boy was growing very hungry by this time. He had eaten nothing since morning, and night was fast coming on. But he was too faithful and vigilant to let the demands of appetite turn him aside, as yet, from his object.

As he turned the corner of the wall, he saw, with an impulse of joy, that the hay wagon had stopped beside the gate, and that the driver stood at the head of his horses, as if just about turning them into the yard.

With the swift, low motion of the lapwing, Tim flew to the spot, his quick glance shooting through the gate into a grassy yard, set thickly with trees, and with a carriage-track winding off toward the corner of the building.

The front of the edifice was built of rough-hewn, unornamented stone, a portioned doorway, with plain Doric pillars being the only attempt at architectural effect.

The gates were thrown wide open, the keeper evidently standing inside, hidden by the open valves.

There was no one visible from where he stood but the driver of the wagon. This man had hold of his horses and was about to lead them through the gate.

The wide, expanding load filled the gateway, brushing the wall on each side, and hanging, like a thin screen, nearly to the ground.

A thought came like a flash into Tim's brain. With him to think was to act. Without a moment's hesitation or fear of consequences he darted across the road, and the next instant was hidden like a watch dog beneath the wagon, covered from sight by the strands of hay which had been brushed down in its passage through the gates.

The wagon went lumbering on into the yard, Tim, half-doubled up, and holding to the axle, walking with bent knees beneath it.

He heard the sharp clang of the iron gates as they closed behind him, and a thrill of fear ran through him. The die was cast now. There was no drawing back from the adventure into which he had rashly entered. The wall was passed, the precincts of the mysterious castle invaded, and whatever lay before him—danger, imprisonment, or success, he must go onward now with a brave heart and a resolute will.

The wagon swept around the corner of the house and up to a stable and wagon-house that stood back in the lot, some distance behind the main edifice.

Here it drew up, close in front of the stable. Tim looked cautiously out from his covert. He could see two or three men standing near, pitchforks in hand, their eyes fixed on the hay. While he looked, some of them prepared to enter the stable; others prepared to mount to the top of the load.

The wagon track in which they stood was bordered by a row of bushes, some of them flower-bearing. Back of these stood trees and several clumps of bushes. One of the latter was just beside the wagon. The men's attention was otherwise directed. Now was his chance. Creeping cautiously between the two outside wheels, he stole cautiously across the road, and in a moment more was safely hidden in the centre of the clump of bushes.

From this hiding place Tim looked keenly out to where the men, already mounted on the yielding load, were tossing the hay into the mow with a speed and a superabundance of action that seemed unnecessary.

He stretched himself out in satisfaction at his success, forgetful that though his head was covered his heels might be revealed.

He was roused from this dream of security by feeling a hand take hold of his protruding foot. Twisting himself quickly around, he gazed with startled glance into an odd, wild-looking face that was looking curiously upon him.

"So," said a hoarse voice from this face, "the rat has put his nose into the trap. What's the price of buttermilk now, Toby?"

### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CASE REVIEWED.

The situation at Dover became graver, as day by day passed and no light was thrown on the dreadful mysteries which had fallen within their midst.

The usually quiet place had not been used to the excitement of a home sensation. The people had lived steady, uninteresting lives, each doing his daily work, and sleeping his restful sleep, with a second-hand interest in the startling events that came to them through the medium of the newspapers.

Indeed, as people will, with no source of excitement of their own, they became often wonderfully interested in the sensations of the great world without, taking parts with the battling nations, forming opinions for or against the guilt of accused criminals, having their private ways of explaining mysterious robberies and murders, and becoming warm partisans of persons and parties whom they only knew by newspaper report.

When, then, the events which we have detailed broke upon them, it may well be imagined how intensely they became excited, and what determined partisans arose for the different solution offered in explanation of the mystery.

We have already detailed the proceedings of the more prominent persons of the town. These proceedings were followed with interest by the people of the whole vicinity. Every scrap of information that arose in their midst, to be passed, like a spreading wave, through the community at large; every comment or theory offered by the village paper, were seized with unabated avidity, and formed the basis of new plans of discovery, new popular solutions of the enigma, new views as to the guilt and innocence of the suspected parties.

Nor need we wonder at such an excited state of public sentiment. The events were strangely adapted both to kindle this flame of feeling, and to add fuel to it day after day.

Let us recapitulate. First was the appearance in their town of a strangely-acting man, for the antics of Lovelace seemed extraordinary to this humdrum populace. This man professed to be a person who had left their midst as a boy, years before, with a very bad odor attached to his reputation. He had called on Mr. Browning and behaved very strangely. At the same time Mr. Browning—a wealthy and highly respected citizen—had quarrelled with the telegraph operator of the place.

The same night the operator and the gentleman had both disappeared, in a manner as yet unexplained, but with indications that a dreadful deed of murder had been committed.

Around the whole affair a cloud of mystery descended that aroused public interest in a degree that scarcely any other circumstances could have produced.

Who was murdered, and by whom, remained utterly unexplained. The fact of a murder itself became doubtful to some. The circumstances discovered but added to the marvel. Who was the unknown third party, what was the explanation of the carriage that had been seen, what of the marks that had been discovered?

The stranger—Mr. Lovelace, as he called himself—had been arrested on the charge of murder, but had cleared himself to the general satisfaction of the public. But this only deepened the mystery.

And now two new events arose to intensify the excitement. The body of a murdered man had been found in the creek, to all appearance that of the operator, Mr. Downey. But how then was the fact of Downey's having been seen in the carriage to be explained? The general impression was that the body was indeed that of Downey. His face had appeared deathlike to Mr. Sedley. Might he not have been taken by this means to the point at which his body had been found, and there thrown into the creek?

But though this idea was widely entertained there were many dissenting voices. It was argued that this would prove Mr. Browning a murderer, a suspicion which none of his personal friends (and they were many) were willing to entertain. Again it was claimed that no persons in possession of a boat would have removed a dead body to a carriage for the purpose of depositing it in the creek. The boat would naturally have been used for this purpose. Thirdly it had not positively been shown that the body was that of Downey. The evidence of the clothes was strong, but the face and body had not been clearly identified. These points were sufficient to satisfy many that the body might yet be that of Mr. Browning, and that the change of clothes had been effected for the purpose of diverting suspicion to another quarter. Yet, despite these strong reasons for doubt, the mass of the community were inclined to the other opinion. The evidence of the clothes was very convincing.

A new complication was added to the mystery when Mr. Benton—the brother-in-law of Mr. Browning—was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Although but little had been said respecting him there were men who knew circumstances of his former life that were by no means creditable. These persons felt quietly suspicious that he had some connection with a crime from which he appeared likely to derive the chief benefit. When, then, he became paralyzed without apparent cause, but possibly as the result of a blow—which there was reason to believe had been given during a struggle at the creek side—the doubts of these persons deepened, though they still had little or nothing to say concerning them.

For Benton's demeanor, and his great show of anxiety to aid in the unfoldment of the mystery, together with his display of feeling, had prevented such a thought from rising in the general mind. His misfortune, then, had produced sympathy for him, rather than distrust, and those who continued to doubt him kept their unpopular opinion to themselves, hoping that time would unfold points of evidence to strengthen or dissipate their doubts.

But the climax was given to the public excitement when Mary Browning, the daughter of the man whose fate was so deeply shrouded in mystery, disappeared, abducted, as it appeared, by two unknown persons, but whither taken, or for what purpose, no one could conjecture.

To those who distrusted Mr. Benton, this seemed an added point of evidence. The heiress to Mr. Browning's estate was in his way and had been removed.

But to the general public no solution of the difficulty appeared. All efforts to trace out the abductors had so far been futile. Mr. Lovelace had been seen with her shortly before the abduction. This was sufficient, with many to stamp him as the principal agent of the abduc-

tion, though the more deeply-thinking had no faith in such a theory.

It did not seem strange, supposing him to be the person he professed himself, that an old acquaintanceship with the daughter of his guardian should be renewed. It did, on the contrary, seem most unlikely that a person observed in apparently friendly conversation with the lady, should, a short time afterwards, take part in her abduction.

Mr. Sedley, on his next visit to Dover, heard this suspicion broached, and at once set it to rest in the minds of reasonable people by narrating the fact that Mr. Lovelace had spent the evening and night of the abduction in his company.

But this was not until after the period which we have reached in the detail of events, and there were many who openly charged that he had been either the principal actor, or the agent employed in the abduction. His long-continued absence seemed to lend cogency to this opinion, and was sufficient, in itself, to incline many to the same view.

Among these the detective, Mr. Fogg, was one of the most fully-satisfied. He professed, it is true, to look at the matter in a different light from that which was generally taken, and to have arrived at his decision from reasons, and slight but suspicious circumstances, which others had not observed. But he forbore to make public these reasons, simply hinting that the public interest would best be satisfied by their concealment for the present.

Some of the citizens, among whom we may name Mr. Brown, the attorney, were of the opinion that Mr. Fogg's silence was that of ignorance, rather than that of discretion. But then Mr. Brown had, from the first, been inclined to look on the detective as a specimen of great cry and little wool. There are men who arrive at positions of trust with very little ability to recommend them, and the shrewd attorney looked on Mr. Fogg as one of this class.

But he had succeeded, by what little he had discovered, and by his specious way of making the most of his position, in giving the citizens a rather exalted idea of his shrewdness, and they ascribed the continuance of the mystery to its very deeply-concealed character, rather than to any incompleteness in the efforts made to solve it.

Thus when it was found that Miss Browning's fate continued hidden, in spite of the efforts to discover it, people thought it rather an evidence of the shrewdness of the villains than of the incapacity of the officer, and continued to place their hopes of a final discovery in the specious Mr. Fogg.

It was in continuance of this purpose that we find the officer approaching Martinsville, and making an effort to arrest Mr. Lovelace, on whom he had stumbled by sheer accident. His return to the city by a bye-road was in pursuance of the same object.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### TIM IN THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

We left Tim Sparks in a very uncomfortable position, his foot caught in the hand of an odd-looking genius, who had just addressed him an incomprehensible sentence.

It was a juncture to call out all the talent of the boy, if he would escape from the trap into which he appeared to have fallen. Startled as he was the thought ran like a refrain through his head, "What in the world has the price of buttermilk got to do with it? There must be something wrong in the old fellow's upper story."

He rolled over on his back and looked up saucily into the man's face. It was a mild, innocent face, its only marked expression being a wild look in the eyes, an uneasy, meaningless stare.

"Have the cows come in, Toby?" asked this odd creature, still holding the boy's foot.

"Yes," said Tim, with the thought of humoring his captor. "Just druv them in myself, and put up the bars. Brindle's getting milked now."

"That's a good boy. Are there any crickets in the clover?"

"Bushels of them, and butterflies, and tumble-bugs, and all sorts of pretty critters. That's my foot you're shaking hands with. Couldn't you jist let go a minit?"

"Your foot?" said the man, indignantly. "It's the churn handle. Ain't it about time the butter was come?"

He began to turn away vigorously at Tim's foot, till the boy jerked it vigorously from his grasp.

"Look here, uncle," he said, rising to his feet. "I ain't took cream for supper. You can't churn out no butter in me."

The man stood looking at him without speaking, a slow surprise gathering over his mild face.

"If six carrots will feed one cow, how many turnips goes to a pumpkin pie?" he asked, in grave tones, holding up one hand and counting his fingers as he spoke.

"Jist half as many as it takes potatoe skins to shingle a meeting house," said Tim, determined to fool his bucolic friend to the top of his bent.

The man advanced and laid his hand impressively on Tim's collar, looking around with great caution.

"Say, Toby," he said, in a half whisper, "I've worked it out," holding up his fingers. "It s four, and one to carry. They won't believe it in there, but I know." He pointed cautiously with his thumb towards the house.

"Why the old rascal's as crazy as a loon," said Tim, to himself, looking around to see if any one else was in sight. "He must have been a farmer in his time. By hokey, if he ain't a queer duck to run loose. Wonder if I can work some supper out of him."

Tim, indeed, was growing ravenously hungry. He had not eaten a mouthful since breakfast, and had exercised himself vigorously since.

"Have you seen the Mogul?" asked his new friend, with a look of fear.

"No. Who is he?"

The man laid his hand on Tim's arm, looked round again as if frightened, and whispered in his ear:

"I don't know. It's a great secret."

"The deuce it is," said the boy, half-startled at this dramatic action. "Say, uncle," he continued, "I feel kinder hollow. Got any thing to fill up? Ain't it supper time?"

"Supper's over and the dishes ain't washed. Won't I catch it for coming down here to the pasture to see you? Good night, Toby. Don't tread on the violets. The poor little blue things, it hurts them."

"But, uncle, I want my grub. Can't you smuggle me a bite?"

"Come with me," said the lunatic, cunningly. "The Mogul must not see you. It's past supper."

"Don't let them see me," said Tim, with an affectation of great fear. "There's fellers after me. You won't let them take me?"

"I'll hide you, Toby," said the lunatic, patronizingly. "I've got a closet in my room that nobody knows of. You must not tell the secret. Come this way."

He led the boy through the trees and bushes to the back door of the house. A man was just entering, a burly, whiskered fellow, with a hard look in his face.

Tim's leader drew back until this man had passed from sight.

"That's the first cousin of the Mogul," he whispered. "Now, come. They can't catch old Joe."

They entered the open door, Tim shrinking back in fear of some unknown danger. He had now fairly put his head into the lion's mouth. If any peril arose he had only his mother wit to rely on for safety. But the boy had plenty of that courage which springs from recklessness. He felt sure, too, that Miss Browning was concealed somewhere within this prison-like edifice, and he was ready to go through fire and water in her behalf. His shrinking was but momentary. He now held his head firmly up, and trod boldly but softly after his leader, his senses alert for every sound, his eyes keenly noting every feature of the edifice.

"Old Joe," as he called himself, led on with an appearance of great caution. With his head turned to one side, like a chicken in a listening attitude, he moved with noiseless tread through a short, bare entry. This opened by a door into a long passage, that seemed to traverse the whole length of the building. It was empty, and the lunatic led cautiously on. A flight of stairs now led them to a similar passage on the next floor. These passages had alike bare floors, and white plastered sides broken by many plain doors. Near the tops of these doors, in that part of the passage in which they then stood, Tim noticed small sliding wickets. One or two of these were opened and showed a small shelf inside, seemingly for some purpose of communication with the inmates.

There were two or three persons walking about this passage, and Tim hung back on the stairs; but his conductor walked on as if heedless of these persons, and Tim followed.

Old Joe went but a short distance into this passage, when he opened one of the many doors, and led the way into the room.

It was a small room, furnished with a plain, hard bed, a hard wooden chair, a small table, and some other plain conveniences. But the taste of its inmate had adorned it in a strange but very attractive mode. The whole wall was arranged with crosses and various geometrical figures formed of dried and pressed autumn leaves. Cups and bottles filled with neatly arranged grasses and flowers occupied plain brackets in the corners of the room. Green parlor ivy grew in pots placed in the sill of the high window, and was trailed in shining wreaths around the walls. Altogether the adornment gave a very attractive appearance to the room.

A small closet occupied a corner of the room. This Joe gleefully opened. Inside it was hung with the old man's scanty clothes. On the shelf at the top was a variety of odd articles which he had picked up at different times, curious stones, bits of twisted wood, etc. Everywhere the old man's love for nature showed out.

"That's the place none of them dreams of," he said. "They've tried to guess the secret, but it's too deep for them. Hide in there, Toby, and I'll bring you your supper on the sly. You're sure the cows are all in?"

"Every horn and hoof of them," said Tim, squeezing himself into the narrow closet.

The old fellow left the room with a chuckle of satisfaction, and Tim as quickly left the closet, laughing with boyish merriment.

"Well, if this ain't a go," he said, "then I'm a monkey. The old rat's in solid earnest about it all. I never seed such a go. I'll git a bite of victuals out of him, then, as soon as the coast's clear, I'm going to sneak through this queer hole. There's some deviltry adrift here, I'll bet my head on that."

The boy started with alarm as the slide in his door was drawn back, and a brown, whiskered face thrust half in, the hair straggling down and nearly covering the eyes.

"Whist, boy," came a voice from the face. "Do you know who I am?"

"No. Who are you?" asked Tim, seeing that he had another lunatic to deal with.

"Nobody knows," was the answer, in a hoarse voice. "I dare not tell. It wouldn't be safe for me if they knew me."

"What do you call this place?" asked Tim, for the first time conjecturing that he was in a lunatic asylum, and that these were harmless madmen who were allowed their liberty, and forced in return—as he gathered from old Joe's words—to perform the drudgeries of the edifice.

"It's the Castle of Otranto," he said, cautiously. "It's haunted. I'm one of the ghosts. Don't mention it. People might get frightened."

"I should think they might if they'd meet you after night," said Tim, reflectively. "I won't tell. Don't forget to shut my door after you go out."

"All right," said the ghost, laying a finger cunningly aside of his nose, and closing the wicket.

It was none too soon for Tim's safety. The next minute he heard a harsh voice in the passage, exclaiming:

"What are you loafing here for? Get down to your work this instant, or I'll pay you out."

The sound of quick steps was heard, followed by deep silence. In another minute the door opened and old Joe entered. He had his hands hidden under his coat, and a look of cunning gratification on his face.

"See what I've got for you."

He drew out from its concealment a plate, containing some scraps of cold meat, a few slices of bread, and a couple of potatoes.

"You're a hoss, old Joe," said Tim, enthusiastically, falling to at the viands with an energy that soon made havoc of the contents of the plate.

The old man stood looking on with entire satisfaction as the food disappeared.

"Got enough?" he asked.

"Plenty. Enough for a king," answered Tim.

"You're a nice boy, Toby," said Joe, seating himself on the edge of the bed. "I'm glad you got the cows in. Is the buttermilk sour?"

The old fellow's mind evidently could not be kept long to one point. He was diverging to his favorite delusion. Tim humored him to the best of his ability, and a conversation ensued between them that would have seemed odd enough to a listener.

The boy's object was to gather from his entertainer what information he could in regard to the character and inmates of the institution. He was particularly interested in the female inmates, and anxious to know if any had been brought there lately.

It was no easy task, however, getting straight answers from the old lunatic, and words enough passed to have made up one book of the *Iliad* before he learned that a woman had been brought there a short time before. It was after night, and Joe had been asleep at the time. But Napoleon Bonaparte—or a modern representative of the great Corsican—had seen her as she was taken to the stairs, a pale, pretty, young girl. Joe knew where the ladies' rooms were, and what room she was in.

Tim's next desire was to know if by any means he could see her. Old Joe rambled through the fields, and questioned particularly concerning the milking of the cows, before he could answer.

Finally Tim learned that after supper most of the keepers were in the habit of going out, into the city, leaving only a few in the building, and that for two or three hours the upper portion of the edifice would be almost deserted.

Joe, after considerable persuasion on the part of his youthful companion, agreed to escort him to the spot, though he hinted that he would be punished if found in that part of the building.

Tim's enterprise was going on swimmingly. Joe, from his known harmlessness, had much liberty about the building and grounds, and was even sent into the city on occasional errands, always returning faithfully. He had sufficient of the lunatic's cunning to do his mission, and avoid straying into his besetting fancies, by holding his tongue, on such occasions.

The late June twilight was casting a misty veil over the earth, and throwing deep shadows under the surrounding grove, as they left their room in quest of the missing damsel. In the long passage, lighted only by windows at the two ends, it was almost dark.

They glided quietly along, and up the gloomy stairway; treading noiselessly. Old Joe had learned the merit of caution, and led the way with the keenness of an Indian scout.

A man was seen in the passage above, but his back was turned to them. Joe crowded into a recess at the head of the stairs, where a small window illuminated the passage. In a minute more they heard the man approaching. He passed them and went down the stairs, with the light of the window on his face. Tim recognised, with a shudder, his companion of the morning, Jake.

Setting his teeth firmly the plucky lad followed on after his guide, whom he could see to be trembling with dread of the man who had passed them.

In a minute more they had reached the third floor, and were in a passage similar to those on the other floors, and lined, like them, with closed doors. Strange sounds and voices had issued from the doors which they had passed. Here it was quieter, though in some of the cells it seemed as if there were parties in conversation. An occasional wild laugh, too, was heard, that made Tim's blood curdle, it was so void of merriment.

Joe stopped before one of the doors, all of which were numbered.

"I think this is it," he said.

The wicket was closed, and fastened by a hasp and staple, through which an iron bolt was thrust.

The boy lost no time in opening this and pushing back the wicket. The sunset light struck through the tree tops, and into the window of the room, lighting up with a beautiful lustre a slender form that stood in the centre of the apartment.

She had turned on hearing the wicket open, and stood looking towards him. The boy instantly recognized the pale, beautiful face, that was bent on him with a look of mingled hope and fear, and on which imprisonment had already left its deep marks.

Tim emitted a sound that had almost become a shout, while a laugh of glad recognition filled his face.

"Don't you know me, Miss Browning?" he asked, eagerly.

She took a step forward and looked at him closely, her own face lighting up with heartfelt joy as the lineaments of the lad became familiar to her. Had her deliverer come in this humble shape?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### RULES OF THE LEAP YEAR GERMAN.

The Washington young ladies have been experimenting with Leap Year, and the young gentlemen enjoy *lex talionis*. At a German, given by the ladies, the following rules were printed on the dancing programme:

RULES FOR GENTLEMEN.

First—Gentlemen are requested to conduct themselves with the most lady-like propriety.

Second—Therefore, it is expected that no gentleman will promenade alone, or leave his seat unless escorted by a lady.

Third—All those who dance are requested to note their engagements for the evening, thereby preventing confusion of partners or a summons to coffee and pistols for two.

Fourth—It will much oblige the young ladies if their fair friends will not seize upon the most inconvenient moment to call for a glass of water.

Fifth—Gentlemen will please be kindly considerate, remembering the natural diffidence of their admirers.

Sixth—It is an especial request that the belles of the evening will not drop their fans and handkerchiefs any oftener than may be absolutely necessary.

RULES FOR LADIES.

First—Ladies will take upon themselves the gentlemanly duties of the evening, and endeavor to be general in their attentions.

Second—The usual order of introductions will be reversed.

Third—All uninteresting conversations may quickly be put an end to by resorting to the common artifice of "excuse me for a moment."

Fourth—Invitations for dancing will be extended by the ladies and for square dances it is advisable to engage *vis-a-vis*.

Fifth—Ladies will please keep their engagements promptly, so that the gentlemen may not be left standing awkwardly alone in the centre of the room.

### VERNAL VERSES.

BY ROB. VE GRANGER.

Come let us sing of "gentle spring,"
When flowers blow, and also noses—
"Oh cub ad bring, lub, subthing
Id which to gather greens and posies."

The vernal breeze now sways the trees.
A roaming, dissipated zephyr;
While mortals wheeze, and cough and sneeze,
And gambols free the frisky heifer.

The robins gush, the roads are slush,
'Tis such a charming time and season,
One ought to blush his muse to hush,
But let her soar in rhyme and reason.

The maidens fair with flowing hair,
Now botanize, and "go a rooting,"
And dig with care fresh leeks so rare,
While buds and boughs, and boys are shooting

The wild geese sweet with pinions fleet,
Drag o'er the sky their pointed harrow;
And song frogs meet spring-time to beat,
And out sing Signorina Sparrow.

Thus everywhere through earth and air,
"Spring time of year is coming, coming,"
Young poets rare that fact declare,
And keep the rhyme machine a humming.

Then let us sing our little sing,
And chant our vernal ode—no danger
That gentle Spring her offering
Shall miss from "mild etherial" Granger.

# BAFFLED!

BY

## Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 22, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

### CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

Breakfast over, Miss Blake, as was customary, went out. Having no daily service to take up her time, she hardly knew how to employ it. Mr. Cattacomb's letter had told her that he should be most happy to come to officiate at Foxwood if a church could be provided for him; the difficulty presenting itself to Miss Blake's mind was—that there was no church to provide.

Revolving this slight drawback in her brain, Miss Blake turned to the right on leaving the gates. Generally speaking she had gone the other way towards the village. This road was more solitary. On one side of it were the iron palisades and the grove of trees that shut in Foxwood; on the other was a tall hedge and another grove of trees behind it. A little farther on, this tall hedge had a gate in its middle, high and strong, whose bars of iron were so closely constructed that it would not have been well possible for prowling tramps to mount it. The gate stood back a little, the road winding in just there, and was much shut in by trees outside as well as in.

Opposite the gate, over the road, stood a pretty red-brick cottage villa, with green venetian outside shutters, creeping clematis around its parlor windows, and the rustic porch between them. It was called Clematis Cottage, and may be said to have joined the confines of Foxwood Court, there being only a narrow side-lane between, which led to the Court's stables and back premises.

Miss Blake had before noticed the cottage and noticed the gate; she had wondered in her ever-active curiosity who occupied the one; she had wondered whether any dwelling was enclosed within the other. This morning as she passed, a boy stood watching the gate, his hands in his pockets and whistling to a small dog, which had contrived to get its one paw into the gate and seemed to be in a difficulty as to getting it back again.

Miss Blake, after taking a good look at Clematis Cottage, crossed the road; and the boy, in rustic politeness, turned his head and touched his shabby cap.

"Where does this gate lead to?" she asked. "To any house?"

"Yes, 'um," replied the boy, whose name, as he informed Miss Blake, was Tom Pepp. "It's the Maze."

"The Maze," she repeated, thinking the name had an odd sound. "Do you mean that it is a house, boy?—a dwelling place?"

"It be that, 'um, sure enough. Old Mr. Throcton used to live in't. Folks said he was crazy."

"Why is it called the Maze?"

"It is a maze," said the boy, patting his dog, which at length got loose. "See that there path, 'um"—pointing to the one close within the gate—"and see them there trees ayont it?"

Miss Blake looked over the path at the trees. They extended on all sides farther than she could see. Thick, clustering trees, and shrubs full of leafy verdure, with what looked like innumerable paths amidst them.

"That's the maze," said the boy, "and the place is called after it. Once get among them there trees, 'um, and you'd never get out again without the clue. The house is in the middle on't; a space cleared out, with a goodish big garden and grass-plot. I've been in three or four times when old Mr. Throcton lived there."

"Did you get in through the maze?" asked Miss Blake.

"Yes, 'um there ain't no other way. 'Twere always along of mother; she knowed the housekeeper. The man servant he'd take us through the trees all roundabout and bring us out again."

"Where does this path lead to?" was the next question, speaking of the one inside between the maze and the gate.

"He goes round and round again," was the lucid answer. "I've heard say that a door in it leads right to the house but nobody can find the door save them that know it."

"Who lives in it now, Tom Pepp?"

"A young lady, 'um."

"A young lady?" echoed Miss Blake. "Who else?"

"Not nobody else," said the boy.

"Why, you don't mean to say a young lady lives alone there?"

"She do, 'um. She and a old servant or two."

"Is she married or single?"

Tom could not answer the last question. Supposed, now he came to think of it, she must be single, as no husband was there. He did not know her name.

"What is she like?" inquired Miss Blake.

"I've never see'd her," replied Tom. "I've never see'd her come out, and never see'd nobody go in but the butcher-boy. He don't go in neither. He rings at the gate and waits there till they come to him."

"Well, it must be a very lively place for a young lady!" mentally observed Miss Blake with sarcasm. "She must want to hide herself from the world."

"Mother see'd her at church once with her veil up. She'd never see'd nothing like her so pretty at Foxwood."

Turning to pursue her walk, Tom, who worked for Farmer Truefit, and who was in fact playing truant for half an hour and thought it might not be policy to play it any longer, turned also, the farm lying in that direction. At that moment, Miss Blake, happening to cast her eyes across the road, saw the head and shoulders of a gentleman stretched out of one of the sash windows of Clematis Cottage, evidently regarding her attentively.

"Who is that gentleman, Tom Pepp?"

"Him! Well now, what did I hear his name was again?" returned the lad, considering. "Smith. That's it. It's Mr. Smith, 'um. He be a stranger to the place, and come here just afore Mrs. Wynne died. It's said he was some friend of her'n."

They passed on; the opposite gentleman's eyes following Miss Blake; of which she was quite conscious. Soon they came to the road on the left hand that led direct to the village. Miss Blake glanced down it, but continued her walk straight onwards, as if she had a mind to go on to the railroad station. Casting her eyes this way and that, she was attracted by a pile of ruins on the other side the road, with what looked like a kind of modern room amidst them.

"Why, what's that?" she cried to Tom Pepp, standing still to gaze.

"Oh, them be the ruins, 'um," answered Tom. "It had used to be the chapel belonging to the gray friars at the monastery."

Miss Blake glanced at the farm-house which lay back beyond the first field.

"Surely they have not desecrated sacred ruins by putting up a barn amidst them!" she exclaimed, as she crossed the road to explore.

There were half crumbled walls around, part of an ivied stone block that she thought must have been the basement of a spire, and other fragments.

"It's not a barn," said Tom Pepp; "never was one. They mended some o' the old walls a few years ago, and made it into a school-room, and the children went to school in it—me for one. Not for long, though. Lady Wynne and Sir Joseph—it was more her than him—fell out with Parson Sumnor and the trusts and she said the children shouldn't never come to it again. After that, the trusts built 'em a school-room in the village; and 'twas said Sir Joseph sent 'em a five hundred pound in a letter and never writ a word to tell where it come from. He was a good man, he was, when my lady 'ud let him be."

Miss Blake did not hear half; she was lost in an idea that had taken possession of her, as she gazed about inside the room. It was narrow and not very long, with bare white-washed walls and rafters above, the windows on either side being high up.

The conviction that this place would be the very thing needed for Mr. Cattacomb's church was working in her brain. The ruins belonged to Farmer Truefit, the boy said. The fact being that they stood on the land the farmer rented; which land was part of the Wynne estate.

"Has nothing been done with the room since it has been used as a school?" asked Miss Blake.

"Nothing," was the boy's reply. It was kept up until Lady Wynne's death; since then, nobody, so far as he knew, had taken notice of it.

"What a beautiful little chapel it will make!" thought Miss Blake. "And absolutely there's a little place that will do for a vestry! I'll lose no time."

She went off straight to an interview with Mr. Truefit; which was held in the middle of a turnip-field. The farmer, a civil man, stout and sturdy, upon hearing that she was a relative of his new landlord's wife, the young Lady Wynne, and was staying at Foxwood Court, took off his hat and gave her leave to do what she liked to the room, and to make it into a place of worship if she pleased.

This sublime idea expanding within her mind, Miss Blake walked back to Foxwood—for Mrs. Cleeve was to depart at midday. In passing the Maze, the interest as to what she had heard induced her to go close up to the gate again, and peer in. Turning away after a good long look, she nearly ran against a rather tall gentlemen, who was slowly sauntering along through the trees outside the gate. A gentleman in green spectacles, with a somewhat handsome face and black whiskers—the same face and whiskers Miss Blake thought, that had watched her from the opposite window. He wore gray clothes, had one black glove on and his arm in a sling.

Mr. Smith took off his hat and apologized. Miss Blake apologized. Between them they fell into conversation. She found him a very talkative, pleasant man.

"Curious place, the Maze?" he echoed in answer to a remark of Miss Blake's. "Well, yes, I suppose it may be called so, as mazes are not very common."

"I have been told a young lady lives in it alone."

"I believe she does. In fact, I know it, for I have seen her."

"Oh, have you!" cried Miss Blake, more curiously than ever.

"When I went to receive the premium for Sir Karl Wynne, due on taking the house," quietly explained Mr. Smith.

"And who is she?"

"She is a Mrs. Grey."

"Oh—a married woman."

"Certainly. A single lady, young as she is, would scarcely be living entirely alone."

"But where is her husband?"

"Traveling, I believe. I understood her to say so."

"She is quite young then?"

"Quite."

"Is she good-looking?" continued Miss Blake.

"I have rarely seen any one so pretty."

"Indeed! What a strange thing that she should be hiding herself in this retired place!"

"Do you think so? It seems to me to be just the spot a young lady might select, if obliged to live apart for a time from her husband."

"Of course, there's something in that," conceded Miss Blake. "Does she visit at all in the neighborhood?"

"I think not. If she did I should see her go in and out. She takes a walk occasionally, and sometimes goes to church on Sundays. But she mostly keeps in her shell, guarded by her two old domestics."

In talking, they had crossed the road, and now halted again at the little gate of Clematis Cottage. Miss Blake asked if he knew anything about the ruins she had noticed further up; and Mr. Smith (who had introduced himself to her by name in a light, gentlemanly manner) said he did not, but he had a book of the locality indoors which he would refer to, if she would do him the honor of stepping into his little drawing-room.

Rather fascinated by his courteous attentions, Miss Blake did so, and thought what a bright-looking, pretty drawing-room it was. The gentleman took off his green glasses (casually mentioning that he wore them out of doors as a protection against the light), and searched for the guide-book. The book, however, was chiefly a book of roads, and said very little more of the monastery and the ruins than Miss Blake had heard from Tom Pepp.

"You have hurt your arm," she at length ventured to observe, as he slowly drew it once or twice out of the sling, and seemed to use it with trouble. "Any accident?"

"An accident of long standing, madam. But the arm continues weak, and always will continue so, next door to useless; and I wear the sling for protection."

Miss Blake took her departure; the gentleman escorting her to the garden gate with much ceremony. In fact, it almost seemed as though he wished to make a favorable impression on her.

"He is a gallant man," was Miss Blake's mental comment—"and a well-informed and pleasant one. I wonder who he is?"

But her thoughts, veering round to many other matters, at length settled themselves upon the Maze and its young lady inmate. They quite took hold of her mind and held possession of it, even to the partial exclusion of Mr. Cattacomb and the promising ruins.

In later days, Miss Blake said this must have been nothing less than instinct.

### CHAPTER XII.

TAKING AN EVENING STROLL.

Miss Blake carried her point. In a very short space of time the little way-side room in the ruins—call it chapel, school-room, barn, what you will—was converted into a church and styled "St. Jerome." Setting to work at once with a will, Miss Blake had left not a stone unturned to accomplish her purpose. She pressed several of the young ladies in the village into the service. Nothing loth, they. Having heard of the divers merits of the Rev. Guy Cattacomb, they could not but be desirous so shining a light should be secured amidst them. Miss Blake herself brought all her rare energy, her unflagging perseverance to the task. When she took a cause to heart, no woman was so indomitable as she. As may readily be supposed, a good deal had to be done to the room before it could be made what was wanted; but contrivance worked wonders. All the money Miss Blake could spare she freely applied; it was not sufficient, and she wrote to sundry friends, begging contributions. She next went, with Miss St. Henry and Mrs. Moore, to some of the houses in the vicinity, to every one where it might be safe to go, asking for aid. This personal canvass was not always successful. Some professed not to understand why a second church was required, and gave shillings instead of pounds. One old lady, however, had her generous instincts so worked upon by the eloquence of Miss Blake (as much as she could hear of it, for she was very deaf, and her companion declared afterwards that she believed all the while she was giving to a new industrial school possessing a resident chaplain) that she handed over a check for fifty guineas. Miss Blake could not believe her eyes when she saw it: and she assured the old lady that every blessing of heaven would be showered down on her in return. Miss Blake's personal friends also contributed well—and the matter was accomplished. Not only was the chapel itself set up, but the stipend of Mr. Cattacomb assured for the first few months.

The early afternoon sun shone down on the bright flowers, the well kept lawns of Foxwood Court, as Miss Blake stepped out of one of its windows, her walking-costume perfect. She was always well dressed, but to-day her toilette was more elaborate than usual. Standing for a moment to look around at the beautiful place, at its complete order, there rose up in her heart one wild, angry thought—but for Lucy, this would have been my own. A very mistaken assumption on Miss Blake's part, but who was to tell her so? Banishing the thought resolutely, she walked along at a brisk pace, as if running a race with time. It was a great day this. Two events were coming off on it that stirred Miss Blake to the core. The Rev. Mr. Cattacomb was expected by the four o'clock train, and Sir Karl and Lady Wynne would arrive at home for dinner.

Miss Blake took the way to St. Jerome's church, a very choice bouquet of hot-house flowers in her hand. Glancing at the gate of the Maze—in regard to which place her interest had not in the least abated—she bore onwards and soon joined some groups of ladies who were advancing to St. Jerome's by the more direct route of the village. They had appointed to meet that afternoon and put the finishing touches to the room ere it should be seen by its pastor—if, indeed, any touches remained to be done. A matter such as this could not but have excited much comment at Foxwood ever since the first day Miss Blake took it in hand.

The ladies whose hands were idle rushed to the new attraction stealthily, at first, openly afterwards. They grew to be as energetic as Miss Blake herself, and were in a fervor of eagerness for the arrival of Mr. Cattacomb.

Upon leaving St. Jerome's, they went in a body to Paradise Row, where apartments had been secured for the Rev. Guy Cattacomb, intending to await the advent of the Reverend Guy, and to see that butter and other essentials had been got in for him.

Miss Blake could have dispensed with so large a party, but what was she to do? All the way to the house, they had been talking of Mr. Smith; wondering who he was and why he had come to live at Foxwood. Miss St. Henry at length remembered to have heard he was a friend of the Wynne family, and had been looking after things as agent, during the absence of Sir Karl.

"An agent!" exclaimed Miss Blake, drawing herself up.

"Not a common agent, of course. Does what he does out of friendship. Here we are."

"Oh, that's very different," returned Miss Blake, giving a loud, long, important knock at the Widow Jink's door.

"Well, that is a real shame of old Jinkel" cried Jemima Moore, in an undertone to the rest, as they got into the parlor.

For the Widow Jinks had not deemed it necessary to smarten herself up to receive her new lodger. She answered the door in her ordinary working costume—rusty black gown, cap, and bonnet. Her face and hands were black too, as if she had been disturbed in cleaning her pots and kettles.

"She ought to be told of it. And did you see how sour she looked?"

Miss Blake put the beautiful bouquet of hot-house flowers—which she had been guarding carefully—into a vase of water, for it was for Mr. Cattacomb they had been destined. Some light refreshment in the shape of wine and cake stood on the table, and Mrs. Jinks was examined as to other preparations. All was in readiness, and the ladies waited with impatience.

An impatience that subsided into doubt, and that into disappointment. The clock had gone ticking on, the train must have been in long ago, and it became evident Mr. Cattacomb had not come. Miss Blake walked home slightly vexed, and there she found Sir Karl and Lady Wynne.

Things often go cross and contrary. They had not been expected until later, and Miss Blake had intended to preside—if it may be called so—at both arrivals. As it happened, she had been at neither. It was in crossing the lawn that Lucy, radiant, blooming, joyous, ran out to meet her.

"Good gracious!" cried out Miss Blake.

"Oh, Theresa! how beautiful and happy everything is!" cried the young wife, pushing back her bonnet to give and take the kiss of greeting. "Karl has been showing me the rooms. Hewitt said you would not be long."

"But when did you come, Lucy?"

"Oh, we came by the four o'clock train, and took a fly. Here's my husband. Karl, do you see Theresa?"

Karl was coming down the terrace steps to greet her. Miss Blake advanced coldly.

"How do you do, Sir Karl?" and the hand she put into his seemed limp and cold. *He* did not look blooming, but worn, ill, and depressed.

They entered the hall together, the rays from the colored windows shining on them and on the tesselated floor, lighting all up with a cheerful brightness. The reception rooms were on either side of the hall; they were what Sir Karl had been showing to his wife. Lucy declared it was the prettiest house she was ever in.

"I like this room better than any of the grand ones," spoke Miss Blake, leading to the little north room she generally sat in, where we saw her breakfasting with Mrs. Cleeve.

"It shall be called your room then, Theresa," said Lucy. "Oh, yes; it is very pretty," she continued, looking at the light paper, flecked with gold; the light furniture, with its crimson satin coverings, the various tasty objects scattered about, and the glass doors, wide open to the terrace, the blushing and sweet flowers, and the smooth lawn beyond.

"I believe this was the late Lady Wynne's favorite room," observed Sir Karl.

"Let me see," said Lucy, stepping outside, "this must look towards the railway station. Oh, yes; and Foxwood lies the other way."

Opposite to this window, some steps descended to the lawn from the terrace. In very lightness of heart, she ran down and up them. Karl was talking to Miss Blake.

"There's a room answering to this in size and position on the other side of the house, as of course you know," he observed. "Sir Joseph, I hear, made it his——"

"Hewitt calls it Sir Karl's room now," interrupted Miss Blake. "You smoke in it, don't you, Sir Karl?"

"I did smoke in it once or twice when I was staying down here during the time of my mother's illness," he replied. "But I am not a great smoker. Just one cigar at night, and not always that."

"Did I see that room, Karl?" asked his wife.

"No. It was hardly worth showing you, Lucy."

"Oh, but I should like it better than all the rest, if it's yours."

"Come and see it, then."

She put her arm within his, and he looked down on her with a smile as they went along through the house. Miss Blake walked behind, with drawn in lips. Sir Karl was greatly altered in manner, she thought; all his life and spirits had left him, and he did not seem in the least glad to see *her*.

The room on the other side had gray walls, and looked altogether rather dowdy. Books and maps were on the shelves, a large inkstand stood on the table, and the chimney-piece was ornamented with a huge Chinese tobacco-box.

"Now, Karl, that great arm-chair shall be yours, and this little one mine," said Lucy. "And you must let me come in when I please—although I can see it is to be your business room."

"As often as you will, my darling."

He threw open the glass doors as he spoke, stepped across the terrace, and down the steps to the lawn—for this room answered in every respect to the other. This room faced the south, the front of the house the west, and Miss Blake's favorite room the north. The sun came slantwise across the flower-beds. Sir Karl plucked one of the sweetest roses, and brought it to his wife. Lucy said nothing as she took it, but Miss Blake—observant Miss Blake—saw the lingering touch of their hands; the loving glance from Lucy's eyes to his.

"Shall I show you your rooms up stairs, Lady Wynne? If you have not been up."

"Thank you, I'll take Lucy myself," said Sir Karl. "No; we have not been up."

The rooms they were to occupy lay in front, towards the northern end of the corridor. The bedroom was large, and beautifully fitted up. Just now, Aglae had it in a litter, unpacking. Two dressing-rooms opened from it. Sir Karl's on the right—the last room at that end; Lucy's on the left; and beyond Lucy's was another bedroom. These four rooms all communicated with each other; when their doors stood open, you might see straight through all of them. Each one could also be entered from the corridor.

"But what do we want with this second bed-room?" asked Lucy, as she stood in it with her husband.

A full minute elapsed before he answered her, for it was the room where that strange communication, which was o'ershadowing his life, had been made to him by his mother. The remembrance of the night and its startling disclosures was ever present with him, and he turned to the window and put his head out, as though gasping for a breath of air.

"They have not made any change, you see, Lucy; I did not give orders. It was my mother's chamber during her short span of residence here. The next—that little dressing-room of yours—she made her up-stairs sitting room. Perhaps you would like to have this made into a sitting room for yourself."

"Nay, Karl, if I want to sit up-stairs, there's my dressing room. We will let this be as it is. Is that Foxwood?" she added, pointing to the roofs of houses and a church spire in the distance.

"Yes; that's Foxwood."

"And what are all those trees over the way?" turning her finger towards the right, in fact, to the Maze. "There are some chimneys amidst them: Is it a house?"

"Yes."

"A gentleman's house? It must be pleasant to have neighbors so near, if they are nice people. Is it occupied, Karl?"

"I—I fancy so. The truth is, Lucy," —breaking into a rather forced laugh—"that I am as yet almost as much of a stranger here as yourself. Shall I call Aglae? I am sure you must want to get your bonnet off."

"Aglae's there, you know; I am going to her. But first of all," clasping her arms fondly around him and lifting her sweet face to his, "let me thank you for this beautiful home. Oh, Karl; how happy we shall be in it!"

"God willing!" he answered, in a beseeching tone of exquisite pain. And as he held her to him in the moment's tenderness, his chest heaved with a strange emotion.

"How he loves me," thought Lucy, passing to her own rooms; for she put the emotion down to that. "I wonder if there ever was such love before in the world as his and mine? Aglae, I must wear white to-day."

She went down to dinner in white muslin and white ribbons, with a lily in her hair, a very bride to look at. Poor girl! it was a gala-day with her, this coming home, almost like her wedding-day. Poor wife!

The only one to talk much at dinner was Lucy. Miss Blake was not in one of her amiable moods. Sir Karl and Lucy had both dressed for dinner, she had not, not supposing they would, and that helped to put her out. Karl was silent and grave as usual, just like a man preoccupied. His wife had become used to his air of sadness. She set it down partly to the cause of the mysterious communication he had made to her the night before their marriage, and which had never since been mentioned between them, and partly to his ill-fated brother's trouble and shocking death. Therefore Lucy took the sadness as a matter of course, and never would appear to notice it.

The two ladies were alone for a few minutes after dinner in the north room. Lucy was standing at the open window.

"Of course you know all about the place by this time, Theresa," she suddenly said. "There's a house over there amidst those trees—who lives in it?"

"Some lady, I believe, who chooses to keep herself very retired," replied Miss Blake.

"Oh, I asked Karl, but he could not tell me; he says he is nearly as much a stranger here as I am. Theresa, I do think that's a nightingale. Listen!"

"Yes, we have nightingales here," said Miss Blake indifferently.

Lucy crossed the lawn, and paced before the cluster of trees. The bird was just beginning its sweet notes. Karl came out, drew her hand within his arm, and walked with her until Miss Blake called out that the tea was waiting.

But Lucy yet was not very strong. She began to feel tired, and a sudden headache came on. When tea was over Karl said she must go to bed.

"I think I will," she answered; "if you will pardon my leaving you, Theresa. Good night."

Karl went up with her and stayed a few minutes talking. In coming down he went straight to his smoking-room and shut the door.

"Very polite, I'm sure," thought Miss Blake, resentfully.

But the next moment she heard him leave it and come towards the sitting-room.

"I will wish you good night, too, Miss Blake," he said, offering his hand. "Pray ring for anything you may require; you are more at home, you know, than we are," he concluded, with a slight laugh.

"Are you going to bed also, Sir Karl?"

"I? Oh, no. I am going into my smoking room. I have a letter to write."

Now Miss Blake resented this frightfully. Lucy might go to bed, it was best for her, as she was fatigued, but that Sir Karl should thus unceremoniously leave her to her own company at nine o'clock, she could not pardon. It was evident he thought nothing of her, even as a friend—nothing.

Dropping her forehead upon her hands, she sat there she knew not how long. When she looked up it was nearly dark. Her thoughts had wandered to Mr. Cattacomb, and she wondered whether he would be arriving by the last train.

Throwing a shawl over her shoulders, Miss Blake went into the garden, and thence by one of the small private gates into the road. It was still and solitary. The nightingales were singing now, and she paced along, lost in thought, past the Maze and onwards.

She had got nearly as far as the road to Foxwood, when the advance of two or three passengers from the station told her the train was in. They turned off to the village, walking rapidly, but neither of them was the expected clergyman.

"What can have kept him?" she murmured, as she retraced her steps.

There was no moon, but the summer sky was light; not much of it, however, penetrated to the sides of the road through the overshadowing trees. Miss Blake had nearly reached the Maze, when she heard the approach of footsteps. Not caring to be seen out so late alone, she drew back between the hedge and the clump of trees at the gate, and waited.

To her vexation, peeping forth from her place of shelter, she recognized Sir Karl Wynne. He was stealing along under the shadow of the hedge, too—stealing along, as it seemed to Miss Blake, covertly and quietly. When he reached the gate he looked up the road and down the road, apparently to make sure that no one was within sight or hearing, then he took a small key from his pocket, unlocked the strong gate with it, entered, locked it after him again, and disappeared within the trees of the veritable Maze.

To say that Miss Blake was struck with amazement would be saying little. What could it mean? What could Sir Karl want there? He had told his wife he knew not who lived in it. And yet he carried a private key to the place, and covertly stole into it on this, the very first night of his return! The queer ideas that floated through Miss Blake's mind, rapidly chasing each other, three parts bewildered her. They culminated in one emphatically spoken sentence.

"I should like to get inside, too."

Softly making her way across the road to enter the court's grounds by the nearest gate, she chanced to lift her eyes to Clematis Cottage. The Venetian shutters were closed. But peering through one of them from the dark room was a face that she was sure was Mr. Smith's. It looked just as though he had been watching Sir Karl Wynne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "THE SOFTBOY PAPERS."

### NUMBER VI.

LULU SOFTBOY TO EDITOR OF EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR: I will pass by in majestic silence—yes, I think *majestic* silence is what I mean—the preposterous letter of that absurd creature, my "*lord and master*"—isn't *that* too ridiculous?—to you about his mother-in-law, *my* mother. Heaven save the mark! — I mean the man! "Lord and master," indeed!

And, calmly and dispassionately putting Flashington in the corner *pro tem.* I would inquire, with your permission, whether you were ever at a "Pound Party?"

You know that this winter people are getting up all sorts of odd entertainments, with queer names. They began the thing with their "Kettledrums," a couple of seasons ago. Then we had "Myrtle Germans," where, instead of gifts of a more valuable kind, myrtle was offered, and myrtle worn and used for decoration of the rooms.

Then we had the "Flower Follies." These are the rage now, and the money spent in flowers would keep up the palace of the Colonna family, that is, Cynical Sneerby says it would. Please let me know, Mr. Editor, if you ever have time which I suppose an editor *never* does, poor, weary man!—I'm glad I'm not an editor—please let me know in a full and lucid manner who the Colonna family are, or, perhaps, were. Now don't forget, because I hear them mentioned very often, as well as the Medicis, the Orsinis, and the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

One thing I *do* know, Mr. Editor, and that is that none of these people have ever got into our set, so why it is that there is, somehow or other, such a constant allusion to them and their families, their houses, their jewelry and their "state," is what I really cannot make out. Who are they? If you know them, or meet them, or ever *did* meet them, or can give me any satisfactory account of them whatever, I may possibly be able to "hold my own"—as Sneerby says—when people talk to me about them, which people *will* do.

I do declare that I think I must have looked like a perfect fool only a few evenings ago when I was attacked—*I* call it *attacked*—on the subject of those ridiculous Colonnas. Then again, he—Sneerby, of course—began talking about the "state" of the Orsinis. I asked if they originated the expression *howling swells*, because I do remember finding in the Italian dictionary that *Orso* meant bear. Well, they howl, bears do, don't they? And, apparently, these Orsinis are "swells." But Sneerby only laughed, and said something to an "intellectual" wretch next to me, with spectacles—perfectly horrid, you know, one of those strong-minded women!—about the Medicis. Only he don't say, Sneerby don't, Colonnas, and Orsinis and Medicis. He says the Colonna, the Orsini, the Medici, which I suppose is just his ridiculous affectation to show off that he knows these people, whoever they are. So I did not like to ask whether they are old or new people, you know, *parvenus*, or whether—which I ask you, Mr. Editor—the Venus de Medici is one of the Medici family. Don't forget to let me know about this, privately of course.

Well, to resume. Then we had "Blue Teas." At Blue Teas you must be intellectual. You must be musical, artistic, or dramatic. You must recite, act or sing. Do a Shakespearian scene or, as Sneerby says, "*essay* to read an essay."

Then we had "Pudding Lunches." We have them yet in full blast, or full *cram*, if you prefer that, for I presume that there's nothing like a blast about a pudding, and Sneerby says that one must not "mix one's metaphor," which proves, don't you think so? that a metaphor, whatever it is, must be something like a pudding.

Well, then we had the "Pound Party" fever, which is still raging. Oh, I forgot to say that at the Pudding Lunches you eat pudding either cold or hot. It is either ice-pudding, or cold plum-pudding with icing, or else it is lemon-pudding, or rice-pudding, in cold frozen slabs with a hot brandy sauce. And you lunch, and you chat, and you eat philopeanas of almonds, and read French *bonmots* tied up with *bonbons*. It is all very nice. But at the Pound Party—as by this time I ought to have said—everybody is expected to bring a pound of something, no matter what, and at any hour between eight and twelve at night you may put in an appearance.

You dress as you like, the handsomer the better. White ties and gloves, however, are not arbitrary. As I said, you bring a pound of whatever you choose, neatly tied up, and during the evening there is an auction sale of all these pounds of pounds, persons bidding from twenty five cents upwards for each package. The proceeds, resulting from the auction sale are devoted to charity. Fancy the fun when the pounds are opened!

We went, Flashington and I, to one of these parties, accompanied by our tried friend or "intimate enemy"—I hardly know which to call him—Cynical Sneerby.

I told Flashington that I supposed that he, Sneerby, must have a pound of sarcasm tied up somewhere, for we did not see any bundle about him. Flashington remarked, in a whisper that he thought that sarcasm made up Sneerby's entire *ponderosity*; which, for Flashington, was not as bad as it might have been.

Well, we went, as I said, to the Pound Party. When we got there we found out that Sneerby had been previously engaged by the lady giving the entertainment to personate a comic Shylock, as it were, at the auction sale, and to rattle in a comic manner a pair of funny scales, which he did, demanding everybody's pound of contribution. Dear me! what a queer beard he did have on! He looked horrid!

"Larks! what larks!" as Joe Gargery would say, prevailed. And lovely dresses!

Then it's so funny, you know, to watch the men.

The very idea of saying that men have no curiosity! Why they're fairly dying with it. Or why, if not, are they so very anxious to find out whether our hair and our color and our figures are genuine or not? What business is it of theirs, if they have no curiosity? Mean things!

And, as I said—or, if I did not, I meant to—they were just expiring to know what the packages of pounds contained.

It was the best fun of all when the packages were opened.

Sneerby has an old maiden aunt who wears the most absurd wig, or chignon resembling a wig, that you ever beheld. It is a lively carrot color, which, it is supposed, she supposes to be golden. Golden! Golden goose!

We noticed that she had a new and comparatively meek-looking headgear, not altogether so carrotty as in the happy past. Now what do you think was the first package sold, and for twenty-five cents, too?

Why old Aunt Sneerby's carotty chignon, which "Shylock" pretended to discover under the table, he being, of course, utterly guiltless of having put it there.

But the best of the joke was, that, taken quite off her guard, the antique maiden exclaimed, seeing it weighed and the twenty-five cents paid for it, "C. O. D."

"Why it cost me—"

And then everybody cried:

"Oh, Aunt Sneerby! Aunt Sneerby!"

She was so mad that she went home.

Now if she had any money, of course, after this, she would not leave it to Cynical, whom she must suspect.

But we were all glad when she went home, for, do you know, that woman, though she does wear a chignon-wig, always accuses all of us young women of doing every imaginable thing in the way of getting ourselves up—making-up, you know. Says we rouge, and enamel, and fix up our eyebrows, and bleach our hair! Hateful thing! There's just nothing she don't say about us.

Then Mr. Languid Stunnington's purchase from Shylock's scales turned out to be a moustache, dyed scarlet, like Dundreary's—it was almost cardinal red!—and with a piece of wood attached to make it weigh a pound.

Did I ever mention that Stunnington's hair is red, and, of course, his moustache is sandy. But he dyes his moustache black, so as to show off his really very fine white teeth in a frequent though languid smile, and is always telling that "curious circumstance" of his grandfather having auburn hair and a jet black beard.

We have him there, you see! Cynical says he's "*all* there."

Then Mrs. Dashtillyoudyeby got a pair of paste diamond earrings in her pound parcel. There's a fearful rumor to the effect that her jewels are all false as a traitor's heart, so she did not look pleased, and must have thought that it was a put-up thing her getting those earrings.

But I leave it to you, Mr. Editor, can it be supposed that Dashtillyoudyeby—whoever he was, and I, for one, never saw the man—really left her so many sets of jewelry—emeralds and diamonds and rubies and things? Why talk about your Guelphs and Ghibellines and Colonnas and Orsinis and all those mysterious and as yet undiscovered—in our set, I mean—parties! I presume that even they, though they must be regular millionaires, wherever they live, have not got quite so much real jewelry as Mrs. Dashtillyoudyebye appears to possess.

As Cynical Sneerby remarked:

"The bul-low struck home!"

He meant blow, you know, but sometimes he takes off actors, and that's his funny way of pronouncing it.

Then I got a box of—what do you think? Why pearl powder! And I think that's real downright mean of Flashington. Never mind. I'll be even with him yet.

What do you think he got? Of course Cynny and I—I sometimes call Cynical "Cynny"—managed that. He got a little China dog and a nasty, ugly old penny pipe—a clay pipe. And I'm glad of it.

My mother—Flashington's mother-in-law, whom he always thinks of, he says, when he reads "any little pleasing items about cremation, such as the late intelligence about the Chevalier Rossi's funeral in Italy"—got a picture of a mother-in-law scolding a henpecked husband, and this precious production enveloped a pound of sugar, with the inscription:

"An ounce of civet, good Mrs. ——, to sweeten thy—*vinegar*."

It is unnecessary to tell you, Mr. Editor, who know him by this time, that Flashington had nothing whatever, "on his honor as a gentleman and a Concentrated Cream," to do with this. Oh, of course not! Mother and I are quite aware of that, and don't for one moment suppose it to be otherwise. For, as mamma remarked:

"No *gentleman*, under any circumstances, would do such a thing!"

Coming home, I may mention here, in the carriage—where we were alone, as mamma went home in her own, the family carriage—Flashington *did* communicate to me the fact that he was perfectly aware that mamma had first put a broken hair-pin in his favorite meerschaum, which he has just succeeded in making a success in the *culottes* line, and had then smashed it. Alphonse was perfectly innocent, and so was Gretchen, of any participation in this *domestic tragedy*, as you would have supposed it to be if you had heard Flashington's tone and his little remarks as we rode home.

I suggested that it might have been *those dogs* that threw the pipe down. So it might! But, between you and me, Mr. Editor, it might *not*; for candor obliges me to state at this crisis—if my writing you this letter may be called a crisis, which I presume it can if it suits me to call it so—that mamma was in Flashy's room just at the moment when the crash occurred, and stepped out into the hall very quickly and ran over into my dressing-room. Which has a sinister look. Something as though she did it, don't you see? But of course I do not undertake to accuse my mother of any such actions. Perhaps it was the dogs? The only thing that makes that unlikely is that at the time they were not in the room. So it don't look exactly likely, does it? For they could not have knocked down the pipe if they were not near it, could they?

Mamma said, when I asked her how it happened, and if she knew anything about the occurrence:

"Oh, never mind! I declare I am glad it's gone! The barbarian comes up to me as soon as he comes into the room, and smokes like a chimney all the time, so that when I go over to see the Coupons and the Goldlys and the Fastlys and the Hautons there is everything to lead them to believe that I have taken up this abominable practice of smoking cigarettes, which I understand that some of our Cuban ladies are now endeavoring to introduce into our society."

Really, looking at the matter in *that* light, it is mamma that is to be congratulated on the decline and fall of Flashington's pipe—you would have thought it was the Roman Empire at least if you had heard him talk about it!—and the idea of pitying Flashington becomes really silly. I don't pity him in the least, especially since I got the box of pearl powder in my pound.

There is to be a masquerade next week, and great things are expected of it. It is to be at the Rushington's, who are related to the Gushingtons—dear Gertrude's people—and both families are marriage-connections of the Flushingtons, who, as you probably know, are extremely wealthy, and will show at the ball in superb costume, most likely.

I have made Flashington a fair and open proposition, founded upon that generosity and good faith which, I think, ought always to prevail with and between married people.

My offer is this: If he will sell his dogs, I will go to the ball with him in a costume that will couple well with his costume. If not, I shall go with Goboldly. And Goboldly, Mr. Editor, is an *awful flirt*, I admit that. But ain't those dogs awful, too?

Justice is on my side, I feel that. It is always on the woman's side. Don't you think so, Mr. Editor? As an editor, I am sure you must think so. I think it likely that we are all *angels*, and men—well, *the other thing*, except, of course, editors. *They* are nice.

LULU SOFTBOY.

### WOMEN AS POULTRY RAISERS.

The special capacity of women for caring for pets is so well established that it is a matter of surprise that a larger number do not make their natural inclination a matter of profit in the raising of poultry. There is no reason why women may not be as successful as man in this branch of profitable and productive industry. Indeed, when it is considered that the business requires close attention to minute details, patience and gentleness of manner, woman seems to be peculiarly fitted for the business. The Danbury man's humorous description of the different ways in which woman and man attempt to get a hen into the coop, and the superiority of the former's method is as true as it is funny. After the hennery or coop is built there is no department of the work that a woman cannot perform without exhausting labor or too heavy demands upon her time. "Down South," poultry raising is a woman's special department, and one need not go further south than Baltimore or Washington to find the markets thronged with the female venders of their own feathered products. That the business is profitable, the experience of hundreds testifies, and that it is healthful, and may be attractive, is susceptible of demonstration.


### BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

*Dear Sir*—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '73, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York city, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned from here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, *having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained, and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble condition, raising blood almost daily, until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets in a short time brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood, and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours,
WM. H. SPENCER.

*P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.*


LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.—If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

## POSTSCRIPTS.

—Three years ago Sheffield sent cutlery and steel rails to the United States, valued at £1,700,000. Last year the total value of goods exported to this country was only £600,000.

—It takes thirty men a month to make a camel's hair shawl, but lovely woman never thinks of that as she throws it over her shoulders and asks her husband if it looks well behind.

—The Philadelphia carpet manufacturing business amounts to $20,000,000 annually, or nearly as much as the whole United States manufactured in 1870, and as much as all England did last year.

—Mrs. Livermore asserts that there are only three thousand "decent, respectable, loving husbands in the country." Thanks. We don't know where the 2999 others are, but here's our best wishes for your compliment.

—A book agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard-earned accumulation of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was, when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself, he always opened by saying, "'I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see.' That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers."

—The latest amusement is termed the "Printer's Delight," and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of note paper, fold it up carefully, and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and a year in advance. And what adds immensely to the feat is to send along the name of a new subscriber, with cash to balance. Keep your eye on the printer, and if you detect a smile, the trick is a success.

—An usher in one of the Danbury churches on observing a gentleman come in with a lady, whispers to him: "Married?" If the gentleman says yes, the usher seats the two as he best can, even if it is five rods apart. If the answer be in the negative, he gets both of them in one pew if he has to split some one in two to do it. Five years ago he was kicked by an indignant young swain whom he inconsiderately separated from his affianced, and he has never forgotten it. Some men are more deeply impressed than others.

—"Professor," said Tyndall's new wife to him on their wedding tour; "what's the matter with your spirit?" "That, my dear," said he, "is the great question. Our only idea of matter as distinguished from spirit is its particularity. Let it become so rarefied that its atoms cease to be atoms, there being then no particularity, but simply one indivisible whole, and the matter has then become spirit." Here a terrific snore struck across the current of his thoughts, and he stopped, sighing sadly, as he thought of the unreciprocity of the female intellect, and then took comfort in watching her face to discover signs of unconscious cerebration and of the dual action of the two lobes of the brain.

—The poet of early spring-time has thus disposed of the first robin:

A robin comes flitting
O'er up from the South,
And on a limb sitting
He opens his mouth.
He sees nary roses,
He sees nary spring,
Catches tuberculosis
In attempting to sing.
Catarrh and bronchitis,
Rheumatics and chills,
And acute laryngitis
Complete his sad ills.
He hesitates, lingers,
Weeps, shudders and sighs,
Blows his nose on his fingers,
Keels over and dies.


We do not puff up everything, but when an article has as much merit as Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.), we gladly praise it, as does every one who ever tried it. Try it once.


## RECEIPTS.

VIOLET POWDER.—1. Powdered starch, scented with a little bergamot. 2. Powdered starch, one pound; orris-root, one ounce; essence of bergamot, a quarter of a drachm; oil of rhodium, three or four drops. Mix, and pass through a sieve.

IN order to make a stove cement for the joints of iron stoves, mix together with finely sifted wood ashes an equal quantity of finely powdered clay and a little salt. When required for use, add enough water to make a stiff paste.

THE stye is a small boil protruding from the eyelid. It will usually pass away of itself, but its cure may be hastened by applying a worm poultice of bread and water in a small linen bag. Apply three or four times a day, and each time foment the eye with warm milk and water.

PERFUMED POWDER FOR BOXES AND DRAWERS.—Coriander powder, Florentine orris-powder, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag root, of each, two ounces; lavender flowers, powdered, four ounces; musk, one scruple; powder of sandal wood, one drachm. Mix.

COPYING FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns, etc., may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper—without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other—and let them dry out.

TO CLEAN ARTICLES OF EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy work of this description may be easiest cleaned with a little spirit of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles instead of cleansing them.

WEARING SHOES TO ONE SIDE.—There are several remedies for this, the best of which is the forming a habit of placing the foot evenly on the ground in walking or standing. As an aid in forming this habit, nails driven into the heel of the shoe on the side which is worn over will be of advantage; or, better than this, a rim of steel passing around the bottom of the heel, and kept in place by nails.

HOT LEMONADE FOR A COLD.—A hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a cold. It acts promptly and efficiently, and has no unpleasant after effect. One lemon should be properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself the following day. This remedy will ward off any attack of chills and fever, if used promptly.

GLUE frequently cracks because of the dryness of the air in rooms warmed by stoves. An Austrian contemporary recommends the addition of a little chloride of calcium to glue to prevent this disagreeable property of cracking. Chloride of calcium is so deliquescent a salt that it attracts enough moisture to prevent the glue from cracking. Glue thus prepared will adhere to glass, metal, etc., and can, it is said, be used for putting on labels without danger of their dropping off.

TO WASH KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards towards the fingers holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and the fair operator will soon be gratified to see that her old gloves look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, sharp, and elastic.

**Youth and Beauty**

Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

**Ten Cents.**—For ten cents we will send a beautiful book of one hundred and sixty choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore and Burns; also fifty selected popular songs and other writings. DESMOND & CO., 915 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1871

Saturday Evening, April 22, 1876.

## NOTICE.

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*J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.*

## WORDS.

Words are something more than arbitrary signs. They have an artificial look, as they stand up in regular rows like files of soldiers, with little dashes and dots scattered along the ranks, and a big letter leading off every sentence as a sort of captain. But words are wonderful things, when you get down to the live root, and see what they have sprung from. Your eye, for instance, falls upon the word *conspirators*, and you happen to remember that it means "breathing-together,"—from the Latin *con*, together, and *spiro*, to breathe,—it becomes a picture, and you seem to see a band of men in a dark, sequestered room, plotting treason with low, bated breath—no one daring to speak above a whisper. The terms by which various other styles of men are designated become just as vivid, when you know precisely what they mean.

We hear of a company of *profligates*, and the word suggests something repulsive; but the etymology of the word—*pro* and *fligo*—"to dash against"—gives peculiar definiteness to our conception of these heedless men, hurling themselves about in defiance of all restraint. *Ambiguity*, as the origin of the word indicates, is a driving from side to side, after a zig-zag fashion, and no image could picture more forcibly the mode in which certain people go through the world. When one man *supplants* another, by getting him turned out of office, or in any other way—according to the original meaning of the term, he "trips him up," or "removes the prop from under him." A *prevaricator* is literally a man with bandy-legs, or one who straddles; no rhetorical flourish could describe him more strikingly.

The study of words throws much light upon ancient habits and customs. *Bankrupt* takes us back to the time when, if a banker, or "bencher," became insolvent, his table at the Exchange was demolished, as a token that the man's credit was shattered. There would be a great deal of loose timber lying round if the same custom still prevailed. How few people, when they take a book in their hands, ever think of the original meaning of the word *volume—volutum*—something "rolled up,"—or of the real significance of the phrase "sacred rolls." *Emolument* is from the Latin, and refers to the profits derived from running a mill—indicating that this was a profitable business in ancient days. To *interpolate* means "to polish or furbish up," and suggests the conceit which led transcribers of manuscripts to suppose that the spurious passages of their own composition which they inserted were an improvement. *Kerchief* is a French word, and means "to cover," it having originally been a covering for the head—and we have expanded it into pocket-handkerchief; a pocket-hand-head-cover. The word *cement* literally means that which is "cut up," and not that which binds, because the original material was made of pulverized stones. *Sermon* is from the Greek, and means "to connect," implying that there should be a regular sequence of ideas—a rule that is not always observed in our discourses; and *text* is from the same root as *texture*—something which is to be woven into the sermon, in order to give it consistency.

A man once said that he had been talking *prose* all his life without ever knowing it; and so we are constantly using words, without the remotest idea of their original meaning.

## OUR LITERATURE.

Of the many causes which contribute to the advancement of a nation, there is none which exerts a greater influence, or is more universally regarded, than literature. The age when physical superiority was preferred to mental, and skill and courage in warfare to the peaceful and more refining pursuits of industry, has fortunately passed away, and with it the many ideas and speculations which were characteristic of a period abounding in fable and superstition, and often, in its splendor and magnificence, ignorant and degraded. In no respect is the character of a nation more clearly and faithfully portrayed than by its literature. A writer has said, "Give me but the ballads of a people, and I will give you their character." We estimate, no less, the religious convictions of society from the writings of its literary men, than from the history itself; for to write of a people at all is to write their history, and to express one's own thoughts is to give likewise the ideas of the people of his time.

## ONLY A WOMAN'S SMILE.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Only a woman's smile did I say;
But my heart with its throbbing pain,
Grows light as the balmy breeze that floats,
And my life is young again.
Before me sweet visions of beauty rise,
Forgotten is my despair;
The holy light of that heavenly smile,
Is blended with every care.

Only a woman's smile—but the stars
Bow down their golden heads,
To listen to woman's magic voice,
And kiss the earth she treads.
This world would be a dreary waste,
A sad, unbroken wild;
No light, no love, no joy—no hope—
Had woman never smiled.

Only a woman's smile; but it lives
Through all the long dead years,
Nothing can equal a woman's smile,
Only a woman's tears.
Woman can make the humblest home
Seem like the gate of heaven;
The power to bless and charm mankind,
To woman has been given.

## CENTENNIAL SKETCHES.

By CHAS. McKNIGHT, Esq.

*Author of "Simon Girty," "Old Fort Duquesne," Etc., Etc.*

### NUMBER 2.

DEBORAH SAMSON, THE WOMAN SOLDIER.

Many instances are mentioned in the history of the Revolution, in which female heroism was most illustriously displayed, but for romantic interest and humble devotion to her country, we can find no parallel to the case of Deborah Samson.

Deborah was a poor orphan, of Plymouth county, Massachusetts, depending on the charity of a farmer for her daily subsistence. She was treated with kindness, was well fed and comfortably clothed, but had no advantages of education, and her efforts and aspirations in that line clearly demonstrate that she was a character of superior tastes and longings. She borrowed books of passing children, and persevered until she had learned to read; but made no other attempt at self-instruction until released by law, at eighteen years of age, from her indentures. She then hired out to a farmer half the time, and with the means thus laboriously secured, attended district school the other half.

Meantime the Revolution had broken out, and the stirring news from Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill thrilled every patriotic heart. Deborah was moved to an uncommon degree; she entered into every scheme for the relief of the army, and bitterly regretted that she was not a man that she might shed her blood for the country she so much loved. Poor, alone, and unfriended, but actuated by a feeling of the purest and most exalted patriotism, she quietly resolved that she could and would do more for the great cause. By keeping school for a time she had amassed the sum of twelve dollars, with which she bought some coarse fustian, and, working at intervals when secure from notice, she made up a suit of men's clothing, each article as made being hidden in a stack of hay.

Having completed her preparations, she never faltered nor asked counsel of any, but quietly announcing that she was going in search of better wages, the lonely girl departed, slipped on her disguise under the shelter of the nearest woods, and pursued her way to the American army, where she presented herself, in October, 1778, as a young man anxious to join the patriotic force. Although not beautiful, her features were pleasing, and her figure, tall for a woman, was finely proportioned. For a man she would have been called handsome, and her general appearance was extremely prepossessing.

Her old friends supposed her in domestic service at a distance. Rumors of her elopement with a British soldier, and afterwards of her death, came to them, but nothing was known for certain, and she soon dropped out of peoples' minds. She was received in the army without a suspicion of her sex, enlisting for the whole war by the name of Robert Shirtliffe. As the young recruit had neither home nor family, her captain, Nathan Thayer, of Medway, Massachusetts, gave her a temporary home with him until his company should be full.

For several weeks she remained at Medway, diligently performing the daily routine of a soldier's duties and hardships. Her frame was robust; she was used to work; she was eager and willing to learn, and she soon became perfect in her drill. The uniform drawn by her did not fit well, but with her needle and thread *he* soon altered it to suit him. While residing with Captain Thayer, Robert was thrown much in the company of a young girl visiting Mrs. Thayer. Coquettish by nature, and anxious, perhaps, to make a conquest of the blooming soldier, she fell in love with her companion. Robert was much amused, but curious to learn how far he could carry the deception, he paid back her attentions, and was so rapidly winning his way that Mrs. Thayer remonstrated with him, and showed how wrong it was for a young man to trifle with a young girl's feelings. The caution was taken in good part and the flirtation ceased, but Robert received at parting many tokens of regard from his unsuspecting friend.

For three years Robert acted as soldier, part of the time being employed as a waiter in Colonel Patterson's family and winning the esteem of her officers for exemplary conduct and faithfulness to duty. She was a volunteer in several hazardous enterprise, and was twice wounded; first by a sword cut on the left side of the head. Many were the odd and singular adventures she passed through. Enough, as she would often say, to fill volumes. Frequently placed in circumstances where she feared detection, yet she always escaped without the slightest suspicion. The soldiers used to call her Milly in playful allusion to her want of beard, but none of them ever dreamed that the gallant and amiable youth, fighting by their side, and so uncomplainingly submitting to all the privations and hardships of a soldier's life, was in reality a woman.

About four months after her first wound, she received another and a more serious one, being shot through the shoulder. Her first emotion, when the ball entered, she described to be a sickening terror at the probability of her sex now being discovered. She prayed for death as preferable to the shame that would then overwhelm her; but strange as it may seem, she even yet escaped detection, and soon recovering, again took her place at the post of duty.

Her immunity, however, was not long to continue. She was suddenly seized with brain fever, and her sufferings, for the few days that reason struggled against the disease, were indescribable. Always her chief dread was that reason should desert her, and that she should then reveal the secret she had so long sacredly guarded.

She was carried to the hospital, and could only ascribe her escape from detection to the number of patients and the negligent manner in which they were attended. Her case was considered hopeless, and so low was she that one day the physician in attendance asked "How is Robert?" The nurse replied, "Poor Bob is gone." The doctor went to the bed, felt her pulse, and attempting to place his hand on the heart, he noticed that a bandage was fastened tightly about the bosom. This was removed, and to his utter astonishment he then knew his patient was a woman. The gentleman was Dr. Binney, of Philadelphia, and with a prudence, delicacy and generosity ever afterwards most warmly appreciated by the unfortunate sufferer, he disclosed to none his discovery, but paid her every attention, provided every comfort, and when convalescent had her conveyed to his own home.

And now occurred another of those romances in real life which in strangeness surpass fiction. The doctor had a young and lovely niece, an heiress, whose compassionate feelings led her to join her uncle in attention to the friendless youth. Many censured the doctor for his imprudence in allowing them to be so much together, but he only laughed quietly to himself and allowed the intimacy free scope. The gentle heart was touched by the pale and delicate soldier, for whose fate none seemed to care; who had no possession save his musket, and who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty. She saw his gratitude for the attentions bestowed yet knew that he would never dare aspire to the hand of one so gifted by fortune and so much above him in social rank.

In the confiding abandonment, therefore, of woman's love, the fair girl blushingly made known her secret attachment and offered to provide for the education of its object. Robert was thunderstruck! He had never even dreamed of such a *denouement* of their mutual regard. She often afterwards declared that the moment in which she learned that she had unwittingly gained the love of a being so guileless, was fraught with the keenest anguish she had ever experienced. In return for the tender cares which had been so freely lavished upon her, she would have to inflict pain upon one she would have died to shield. Her former entanglement was a simple matter, but here was a heart of a different mould, and to confess her real character was impossible. She, therefore, had to temporize and gratefully decline the offer of an education. Before her departure—which she determined now to make as speedily as possible—the young lady loaded her with gifts, some of which are still preserved as relics in her family.

Her health being now restored, her benefactor had a conference with her commanding officer, and this was followed by an order for her to carry a letter to General Washington. All was now over! she knew it! she felt it! yet dared not disobey. She had all along suspected Dr. Binney had found out her secret, and now she was sure of it. When she presented herself at Washington's headquarters, she trembled as she had never yet done before the enemy's fire.

Almost sinking with despair and overwhelmed with confusion, she was ushered into the presence of the majestic commander-in-chief. He noticed her agitation, and endeavored with kind words to reassure her. He bade her retire and take some refreshments while he read the letter she bore. On again being summoned into that august presence, he said not a word but handed her a discharge from the service, a note containing some words of advice, and a sum of money to pay her way to her home. "How thankful," she has often said; "was I to that great and good man, who so kindly spared my feelings. He saw me ready to sink with shame; one word from him at that moment would have crushed me to the earth. It was not spoken, and I blessed him for it."

After the war, Robert Shirtliffe married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, a respectable farmer, and when Washington was made president, received from him an invitation to visit the seat of government. She accepted, and was the recipient of great attentions, being invited to officers' houses and to many parties. Congress passed a bill granting her a pension as an acknowledgment of her military services.

In 1805 she was living in respectable circumstances and was the mother of three fine children. In 1820 Mrs. Gannett presented her claims for renewal as a *Revolutionary Soldier*. She was then sixty-two, and is described as bright, intelligent and fluent, using purest language with a good accent; easy in her deportment, affable in her manners, and robust and masculine in her appearance. She died not many years after.

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UNLIKE most of the newspapers and magazines of the day, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, has a history. It is not a mushroom growth of last night, but sends its roots back into the past, and its pages have the rich flavor of maturity unattainable by the sprouts and seedlings of yesterday. It was founded in 1821, and at once sprang into a well-deserved popularity, and a circulation until then unknown in American journalism. Since that time, it has easily retained its position as the leading and best literary paper in the United States, notwithstanding the swarm of imitators and worthy rivals which sprang up on every side. One great element in its success is its steady adherence to right aims and methods. By rigidly excluding everything of a doubtful moral tendency, the SATURDAY EVENING POST has retained the respect and affection of its army of readers, and made itself a welcome visitor in every house. During the present year, its editors are making Centennial notes and news a specialty, with engravings to illustrate objects of interest. To all who wish a reliable and full account of what passes at Philadelphia this summer, we can fully recommend the POST.—*The Publishers' Monthly, Chicago, Illinois, March, 1876.*

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IT is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which, by daily use, has lost its sense; yet, on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned, "'twill fall like sweetest music."

## JULIA WOOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY GRACE JEWELL.

"Good-bye, my dear, take good care of yourself!" called out mamma. "Be sure not to get out at the wrong station, Julia," enjoined papa; and, "By-by, Jule—look out for pickpockets!" yelled brother Tom, as Julia Wood clambered into the old coach which was to take her to the depot to catch the twelve-forty train for Aunt Betsy's.

"Humph!" thought Julia, a little indignantly, as she rattled along; "they must all think I am a great goose. If it is my first journey alone, I guess I am old enough to take care of myself." (In all the dignity of seventeen summers.) "They shall see!"

The cars came thundering along soon after the old coach landed her at the depot, and she stepped on board, and was fortunate to get a whole seat to herself. The first stage of her journey passed without incident. At length a small station was reached. No passengers got off, and only one came on board, and he entered the car where Julia sat.

She saw him as he entered the door, a tall, handsome man, faultlessly attired, with a massive watch chain and seals dangling over his vest, and a solitaire diamond glittering on his shirt-front. He walked slowly along the aisle, looking right and left, then his glance rested on Julia, and he came forward, smiling, and raised his hat.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked, in a low, musical voice, and when Julia answered "No," he sat down beside her with a graceful bow and "Thank you!"

She wondered a little at his choosing to sit by her, for there were two other disengaged seats in the car, but after a while she thought she understood the reason of his choice, for every look and tone bespoke admiration of her, and she could not help seeing it. Her little traveling bag was by her side; the handsome stranger laid his hand upon it.

"Shall I put it in the rack for you?" he asked.

"Yes, if you please," Julia answered. "I'm so short I couldn't reach it."

"I suppose you have a companion in the smoking-car," he remarked, as he sat down again.

"A companion?"

"Yes, your traveling companion."

"Oh, no, indeed!" she said, brightly. "I'm not troubled with any such appendage. I'm traveling quite alone, and for the first time, too. I think it's real fun!"

"I hope it will not be the last time, if I should happen to be on the same train," he said, gallantly; "but I really think your friends were very imprudent to allow you to journey alone; you don't know what dangers there are on the road for unprotected ladies," he added, seriously.

"Do you think so?" Julia asked, with a gay laugh. "I would really like to have an adventure. It would be such fun, you know; but there's not much prospect of it, for I'll soon be at my journey's end."

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a peculiar glitter in his eye which Julia failed to note. "May I inquire the place of your destination?"

"Oh, I am only going as far as Meadville," she replied.

"Indeed! I get off one station this side of that town; sorry I am not going further," he added, with a meaning sigh.

Remember this was Julia's first journey alone, and she was young and romantic, and above all unsuspecting and unused to the world's ways, so she blushed a little and looked down under the stranger's earnest glances; but she soon recovered herself, and continued chatting gayly with him.

They were nearing the place which he had said was his destination. Soon the few scattered houses gave place to a thickly settled town, the cars moved slower and slower, and were almost halting. Suddenly Julia's companion called her attention to something out of the window; she glanced that way, and as she did so felt a stealthy motion at the side of her dress next the stranger, but thought he was merely preparing to get out until she felt a slight pull on her dress, and suddenly remembered that her pocket was on that side.

The thought flashed over her that she was being robbed! Her heart gave one great throb, then settled back quietly, and every sense was on the alert. She did not remove her gaze from the window, but quietly put her hand down by her side, and seized with a vice-like grip another hand that was being slowly removed from her pocket, then she looked around and saw her purse in that other hand, and that hand belonged to her fellow-traveler—the handsome stranger!

"Curse you! let go!" he hissed, struggling to escape, but Julia's grasp only tightened, while she gave a succession of quick, sharp cries,

"Help! help!"

In a moment the passengers were around her, and the conductor, passing through the car at that moment, asked "what the fuss was about."

Julia's story was soon told, and as the purse was still in the thief's grasp, his denials were unheeded, and he was taken off between two men, for the train had stopped at the station where the man had told Julia he intended to get out, but it had not been a part of his plan to leave the cars in the manner he was doing now.

As he was going out of the door he raised his clenched hand, bleeding from the prick of Julia's sharp nails, and shook it at her, while a volley of oaths broke from his lips.

He was taken to the police station, found to be a well-known rogue, and passed the next few years in the State's Prison at hard labor. Julia reached her destination without further incident, tired out, and considerably frightened, and not wishing for another adventure very soon like that which she had just experienced.

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THE good opinion of those we love, is an incitement. We have enough discouragements and misgivings in our own hearts to depress us. We have nothing to hold us up and spur us on, but the ambition to attain to, not only our own standard, but to that which the faith of those who love us indulgently has made for us.

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GENIUS, inspired by invention, rends the veil that separates existence from possibility, peeps into the dark, and catches a shape, a feature in the reflected ray. Talent, though panting, pursues genius through the plains of invention, but stops short at the brink that separates the real from the possible.

## CENTENNIAL EXCURSION RATES.

The following schedule of Centennial excursion rates from the points named to this city and return have been adopted by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will doubtless prove of peculiar interest to all who desire to visit the Exhibition during the summer:

| *To Phila., going and returning via direct line, from* | | *To Phila., going and returning via direct line, from* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Akron, O. | 20 40 | Milwaukee | 26 50 |
| Alliance, O. | 19 00 | Monroeville, O. | 23 40 |
| Ashland, O. | 22 85 | Morristown, N. Y | 18 40 |
| Ashtabula, O. | 17 05 | Morrow, O. | 27 50 |
| Attica, N. Y. | 15 00 | Mt. Vernon, O. | 23 40 |
| Auburn, N. Y. | 19 40 | Newark, O. | 23 25 |
| Avon, N. Y. | 14 60 | New Brighton, Pa | 16 50 |
| Batavia, N. Y. | 13 80 | New Castle, Pa. | 13 50 |
| Binghamton, N. Y | 10 15 | Niagara Falls, N. Y. | 10 00 |
| Brantford, Can. | 20 10 | Norwich, N. Y. | 11 25 |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | 10 00 | Ogdensburg, N. Y | 18 55 |
| Caledonia, N. Y. | 14 85 | Oil City, Pa. | 19 95 |
| Cambridge, O. | 20 50 | Olean, N. Y. | 15 25 |
| Canandaigua, N. Y. | 12 75 | Omaha, | 58 00 |
| Canton, O. | 19 85 | Orrville, O. | 20 00 |
| Cayuga, N. Y. | 12 75 | Oswego, N. Y. | 14 25 |
| Chicago | 22 00 | Owego, N. Y. | 11 10 |
| Chillicothe, O. | 25 50 | Oxford, N. Y. | 11 25 |
| Cincinnati, O. | 22 00 | Painesville, O. | 18 00 |
| Cleveland, O. | 20 40 | Paris, Can. | 20 20 |
| Clifton Springs, N. Y | 13 45 | Parkersburg, W. Va. | 19 50 |
| Columbiana, O. | 17 90 | Peoria | 30 50 |
| Columbus, O. | 25 25 | Piedmont, W. Va. | 14 50 |
| Connellsville, Pa | 18 00 | Pittsburg, Pa. | 15 00 |
| Corning, N. Y. | 12 10 | Portsmouth, O. | 25 50 |
| Corry, Pa. | 15 75 | Potsdam Junct'n, N. Y. | 18 75 |
| Cortland, N. Y. | 11 65 | Randolph, N. Y. | 15 75 |
| Crestline, O. | 23 75 | Ravenna, O. | 19 65 |
| Cumberland, Md. | 12 00 | Richfield Springs N. Y. | 13 95 |
| Detroit, Mich. | 23 40 | Rochester, N. Y. | 14 65 |
| Dunkirk, N. Y. | 16 15 | Rochester, Pa. | 16 25 |
| Elmira, N. Y. | 11 25 | Rome, N. Y. | 12 10 |
| Erie, Pa. | 16 15 | St. Catharine's, On. | 17 95 |
| Franklin, Pa. | 16 95 | St. Louis | 39 85 |
| Frederick, Md. | 7 00 | St. Thomas, Can. | 22 45 |
| Geneva, N. Y. | 12 05 | Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. | 15 15 |
| Girard, Pa. | 16 80 | Salamanca, N. Y. | 16 75 |
| Great Bend, Pa. | 9 75 | Salem, O. | 18 35 |
| Greenville, Pa. | 18 85 | Sarnia, Can. | 23 40 |
| Guelph, Can. | 21 15 | Sharon, Pa. | 18 85 |
| Hagerstown, Md | 8 00 | Sodus Point, N. Y. | 16 35 |
| Hamilton, Can. | 18 50 | Steubenville, O. | 18 00 |
| Homer, N. Y. | 11 70 | Syracuse, N. Y. | 12 40 |
| Hornellsville, N. Y | 13 95 | Titusville, Pa. | 15 05 |
| Hudson, O. | 20 00 | Toledo, O. | 25 25 |
| Indianapolis | 30 50 | Toronto, Can. | 20 61 |
| Ithaca, N. Y. | 11 25 | Utica, N. Y. | 11 65 |
| Jamestown, N. Y | 15 75 | Warren, O. | 19 65 |
| Kansas City | 50 00 | Washington, D. C. | 28 50 |
| Kent, O. | 18 40 | Watertown, N. Y | 15 40 |
| Lancaster, O. | 24 00 | Watkins', N. Y. | 12 25 |
| Leavenworth | 50 00 | Waverly, N. Y. | 10 45 |
| Le Roy, N. Y. | 15 15 | Wayland, N. Y. | 14 20 |
| London, Can. | 22 65 | Wheeling, W. Va | 19 50 |
| Loudonville, O. | 22 50 | Wilmington, O. | 27 00 |
| Louisville | 35 00 | Woodstock, Can | 21 85 |
| Mansfield, O. | 23 40 | Wooster, O. | 21 50 |
| Marietta, O. | 30 50 | Youngstown, O. | 19 65 |
| Martinsburg, W. V | 9 00 | Zanesville, O. | 21 75 |
| Massillon, O. | 20 30 | | |
| Meadville, Pa. | 17 40 | | |
| Memphis | 40 25 | | |
| Millersburg, O. | 22 35 | | |

## SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

### ITS ORIGIN.

At the close of the Revolution in 1783, and about the time the Continental army was being disbanded, a small company of officers of the patriot army were one day dining in an old mansion said to be still in existence on the Hudson river, near the town of Newburgh. At that gathering George Washington presided, and during an address made by him upon the occasion he proposed that a society be formed of those present to perpetuate the friendly feeling and keep alive the memories of the gallant struggle then coming to a close. The suggestion was adopted; in due season the organization was effected, many names enrolled from among the heroic leaders of the rebellion, and thus the Society of the Cincinnati was instituted. The name, as most readers are aware, is derived from Cincinnatus, a Roman general, who abandoned the plough in the hour of national peril, and returned to it after defeating the enemies of his country. One of the provisions in the charter of the society was, that the membership should be confined exclusively to the originators and their male descendants forever. It is possible, therefore, that this order is the only one possessing the hereditary principle in this country. The members of this organization, of the present day, under this provision, are all descendants of officers who served their country in the War of Independence. After the lapse of nearly a century the order of the Cincinnati still flourishes, and on each recurring national anniversary assembles at Delmonico's, New York, to enjoy a social hour and rehearse the achievements of their ancestors in the dark period when men's souls were tried as in a furnace.

## AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

Joey jest brought in a miniature flag.

"Jes a hunned yees ado they wus surteen white stars in at blue gound. You 'member, aunty?"

"Sartin, my dear," and the lad ran off filled with young American glorification that he had seen an ancient morsel for a relation.

Even the children are anxious to skare up eggsibits, as they call 'em, and I'm sure he boosted of me to his playmates, for soon after Taddy Williams cum runnin' into the kitchen for a string, and gittin' sight at me, he raily did lift up his cap like a gentleman of the old skool, and I heerd him confidin' to cook that "Miss Patty was a centipeed, a rail one, and no mistake, warn't she?" And, not to be outknowledged, she replied that she allus knode she was sumthin', allus.

Wal, it is sum satisfackshun to have lived and thrived a hundred years ago, for in them days, if memory sarves me, small boys like Joe warn't turned out in 'broidered pants to roll into the dust and wade frog-ponds, but was clad in sensible humspun wear without any nonsense about 'em.

It would give new sight to my old eyes to see the present generation of gals and boys as reasonable in their gear, as sturdy and honest-hearted as in them old days, when Washington and Layfayette made many a bow to me, and I many a kerchy to them.

Your most obejent sarv't,
AUNT PATTY.

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WASTE NO TIME.—Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through with it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold of it at once, and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then to the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressed upon you that you hardly know where to begin, take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will fall into file like well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily beaten if you bring it into line.

## CENTENNIAL NEWS.

MISSOURI will erect an octagon temple of iron, glass and zinc. By it, is said, will be a general reception college.

HE who winds around and through every nook and corner of the Main Building alone, will have walked thirty-seven and three-eighths miles.

NORFOLK, Virginia, has organized a Centennial Walking Club, which proposes to start on the first of May and walk to the Exhibition, passing over in its route the principal civil-war battle-fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

IT has been found necessary, by reason of the additional number of stall-collective exhibits which have come in at a late hour, to erect two more annexes to the Main Building. These will be connected with the four originally determined upon, and will make a total of 38,000 feet of additional floor space.

IT is expected that representatives of fifty-three tribes of North American Indians, numbering three hundred persons, and comprising many noted chiefs and their families, all in picturesque dress, will encamp near the Exhibition grounds, in lodges and wigwams, and live, squaws, papooses and all, just as they do in the Far West.

A SCHOONER will bring Centennial excursion parties from Massachusetts to New Castle, Delaware, in which place the excursionists will make their headquarters, coming to Philadelphia when and how they please. It only needs advertisement of their respective accommodations for all the towns near Philadelphia to secure a good share of the Centennial guests.

IT is estimated that the Centennial Exhibition will have cost, when completed, $7,500,000, and in order to realize the sum it will be necessary for 15,000,000 people to visit once, at the price of admission, fifty cents; and as the time is confined to 158 days, from May 10 to November 10, exclusive of Sundays, it will require the daily attendance of over 94,900 people.

THE GRAND MARCH FOR THE CENTENNIAL OPENING.—A statement having been published to the effect that the money paid to Richard Wagner, for the Grand March, was to be paid by the Centennial Board of Finance, the Centennial authorities desire to state that the money has been raised expressly for this purpose by the Women's Centennial organizations in different parts of the country, and that an offer has already been made to the Women's Committee for the copyright for considerably more than they paid Wagner.

DR. CUNNINGHAM, of Carthage, Missouri, has collected a great many geological, mineralogical, botanical and zoological specimens, and the extensive collection will be brought here for the Exposition. It includes a snake twenty-seven feet eight inches in length and seventeen inches in circumference, resembling in many particulars the tiger python of Africa, coiled in tremendous folds, with head erect, mouth open, and mammoth forked tongue protruding, as if to gulp down at one spring everything in reach. This snake, which Dr. Cunningham has named the Lead Python of the southwest, is said to be the largest American reptile ever captured.

THE headquarters of the Centennial Fire Department are in Machinery Hall. The steam fire-engines, gum hose, hook-and-ladder trucks, supply wagons and other paraphernalia are ordered, and are nearly all on the ground. About sixty-five extinguishers and a number of hose-carts are now distributed among the buildings. In the Main Building are seventy-five fire-plugs, with a water pressure sufficient to force a stream above its highest point, and outside and around it there are thirty-six more such plugs. Inside of Machinery Hall there are forty-three plugs, and outside thirty-three additional ones. The other principal buildings are equally well supplied, in proportion to their size. Most of the men in the brigade have been selected from the Old Volunteer Fire Department, and are under very strict rules. During the Exposition their number will be about two hundred.

GENERAL GOSBORN is organizing a Centennial police force, the buildings being at present guarded by the Centennial Fire Department. Colonel Starr, Chief of the Police Department, has handed in his plans of organization. It is proposed to give to this force a military organization, and to make it a regiment of one thousand men, more or less, according to General Gosborn's decision. There is a long picket line to guard, a variety of Centennial property to watch, and an enormous crowd of helpless women and children to protect. It is probable, therefore, that the number will not fall short of one thousand. This force will be domiciled in barracks in the vicinity of George's Hill. The men will receive a neat uniform and a cap inscribed with letters and numbers, and they will be fairly paid. It is understood that the bureau of articles found on the ground will be placed in the control of this department, and it is the desire of General Gosborn to make it as efficient as possible.

THE latest attraction on the grounds is caused by the novel operations of one of the three locomotive cranes sent by the British Government and placed in Machinery Hall, two for exhibition, and one for installing that government's heavy machinery. One day last week a peanut stand in front of Machinery Hall was seen to topple over suddenly, scattering its contents among some gratified small boys, as the olive-hued owner, a meagre-faced Italian, whose hair bristled as though he had received an electric shock while on an insulated stool, fled wildly across Belmont avenue, followed by half a dozen screaming ladies, who, though they did not get over the ground so quickly as the peanut man, were not less badly scared. The cause of this commotion was the sudden appearance of the locomotive crane, which had just steamed out of the building, not on the railroad tracks, but on the asphaltum roadway. It moved at a smart rate up Belmont avenue, its great, broad wheels hardly leaving a mark after them. Crowds were attracted by the curious spectacle, and followed the queer "loky" wherever it went. Two car-loads of household goods for the British Government buildings had arrived, and were stationed near the United States building. The "loky" seized these articles with its crane, much as an ant would grasp a grain of wheat, and deposited them in two cars that were attached to it. The novel train then steamed along State avenue over to the "houses of many gables" and deposited its load.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE OPENING EXERCISES ON MAY 10.—The general plan for the exercises at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition on May 10 has been agreed upon by the Executive Committee. The specially invited guests will be nearly as follows:

The President and Vice-President.
The Cabinet.
The Supreme Court.
The Senate and House of Representatives.
The leading officers of the Army and Navy.
The Governors of the States and Territories and their staffs.
The Legislature of Pennsylvania.
The Board of State Supervisors.
The Foreign Commissioners.
The Centennial Commission and the chief subordinates.
The Centennial Board of Finance.
The Government Board of Finance.
The Women's Centennial Executive Committee.
The judges of the Exhibition.
The State Centennial Boards.
The city officials of Philadelphia.

This list is subject to revision. As the exercises are to be held in the open air, it will be possible for a greater multitude to witness them. About 10½ o'clock, A. M., the persons invited having been conducted to their places, the orchestra of 150, conducted by Theodore Thomas, will play the national airs of all nations. The President of the United States will be conducted to the ground by Governor Hartranft, with a military escort. The following programme will then be carried out:

"The Grand March," written for the occasion by Richard Wagner.
"Invocation of the Divine Blessing," original hymn by J. G. Whittier.
Original Cantata; words by Sydney Lanier, of Georgia; music by Dudley Buck, of Connecticut.
Brief presentation by the President of the Centennial Commission, reporting the Exhibition to the President of the United States.
An address by the President of the United States, which he will close by declaring the Exhibition open.

Immediately the flags will be unfurled, the artillery will fire a salute, the chimes of the tower and other great bells will ring, and the chorus of six hundred will render Handel's "Hallelujah." The foreign commissioners will move to their respective assignments in the main building. The President of the United States, escorted by the Commission and Board of Finance, and the invited guests, will enter the north doors of the main building, and move, accompanied by the music of the great organs, along the avenue in such a manner as to pass by each national commission.

The procession will then cross to Machinery Hall and walk down the main avenue to the centre. Then, at a signal from the President of the United States, the enormous engine and its thirteen acres of machinery will be put in motion, and the Exhibition will be open to the world. There may follow more or less formal receptions in the Judges' Hall and the quarters of the Commission.

THE TRUE STORY OF A

# SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

## STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE SINGING OF THE SONG OF SIXPENCE.

King Crotchet stood at his music desk flourishing his fiddlestick. Below him stood his offspring, the little Crotchets:

"Four-and-twenty little fiddlers all in a row,"

for four-and-twenty they were, neither more nor less, and to see them all flourishing their little fiddlestick was, as they say, a sight for sore eyes. Right before them, and hanging to the King's music-desk by a dingy ribbon, was a battered sixpence. The King one fine day had found it in his vest pocket, but had never been able to satisfy himself how it came there. Now, wishing to turn it to account, he had declared that it should be for a reward or medal of honor to him who should best perform his part in a ballad he, King Crotchet, had composed, and which he had aptly called "The Song of Sixpence."

Now King Crotchet ought to be a very nice old man for a musical party, but he had his faults. He loved music well, but I think he loved money better. The notes in the chest behind his waistcoat and the notes in the iron chest in his counting house—notes of the Bank of Fairyland these—were perhaps equally dear to him. His fiddle strings might be perfectly in tune, his purse strings might keep his purse perfectly closed against all comers, but his heart strings were perhaps a little too slack, and rendered but a deadened sound to the touch of affection. His love for the little Crotchets was not, therefore, very overwhelming, nor yet that he entertained for his wife With the latter he seldom interfered, or with her amusements—the chief of which was eating bread and honey. Moreover he had one female servant and no more, and she rejoiced in the name of Chickabiddy. You would perhaps like to know how his domestic establishment came to be so limited? Why, thus,

Chickabiddy had begun by having scores of servants under her, but as they displeased her, she displeased them—got rid of them, in fact. She was believed to be a little witch, descended from a long line of witches who having, during their lives, kept all their neighbors in hot water, generally ended their own career by being roasted alive. She had green eyes and long black elf-locks, and yet she was not ill-looking, by any means; in fact, she would have been very pretty but for those green eyes and those dishevelled locks of hers. She might have been any age between twelve and sixteen. *She* said she was sixteen, and therefore was, most probably, only twelve. Be this as it may, she was a "pepperer."

Bristles, the kitchen maid, having refused to do some sweeping for Chickabiddy, that lady cast a spell upon her.

"You *won't* sweep, won't you?" said she. "Oh, but you shall sweep, for all that."

And she turned Bristles into a good, stout, serviceable broom, and she *did* sweep.

Timothy Potpan would not grind the coffee for breakfast one morning.

"You won't grind, *won't* you?" said Chickabiddy. "Ah, but you *shall* grind and grind again."

So she changed him into a self-acting coffee-mill, and he *did* grind.

Roly Poly, her bedfellow, would roll upon her sleep, being so round and fat that the least thing disturbed her centre of gravity.

"Ah, you *will* roll, will you?" said she. "Well, I'm agreeable, and you shall roll, my dear."

And thereupon she changed the damsel into a rolling-pin.

Chickabiddy had an ill-will to Rigid, the steward, who affected to despise her.

"Ah, you're stiff and stuck up, good man," said she; "well, it's a pity to thwart you, and you *shall* be stiff and stuck up."

And straightway she stiffened him into a poker and stuck him up in the ingle-nook.

In short, she got rid of all her fellow-servants in a similar way, and when her master inquired about them, which he seldom did, being a mooning sort of an old man,

"Oh, they've bettered their condition," she would say, with a grin. But for all that, in one shape or other, they pervaded the whole house, from attic to cellar.

But with all her power, there was one creature that proved a perpetual thorn in her side. Namely, Semiquaver. She was sure she hated him, and she beat him, but no sooner had she done so than she hated herself and went and slapped herself in private. When she had hold of him for the purpose of administering punishment, she felt inclined to strangle him and hug him by turns. As for Semiquaver, he never resisted her, partly because she was a woman, and partly because—well, I believe he did not know because of what himself, any more than you do. He was born with a caul, and could guess at the secrets of the hidden world. He felt certain that the big broom in the kitchen was no common broom, but Miss Bristles. He recognized Timothy Potpan's complaining treble in the creaking of the coffee-mill. Seized with compassion for the hapless Roly Poly, he had been detected putting the rolling-pin to bed and tucking it in.

In this way had matters gone on till the period we have arrived at.

Well, as I began by saying, King Crotchet was flourishing his fiddlestick, and the little Crotchets were flourishing theirs. Only he was beating the time and they were performing their part of the accompaniment to King Crotchet's "Song of Sixpence." And very smoothly they got on together, until Double-sharp, the youngest Crotchet but one, pinched Semiquaver in a tender part. The deed was so unexpected, and the pain so acute, that Semiquaver could not refrain from a shriek, for the life of him. King Crotchet was furious. Not knowing who had been the individual offender, he charged upon the whole band with his fiddlestick, laying it on right and left most unmercifully, bawling all the while for Chickabiddy to come to his assistance.

In rushed that young lady, brandishing Miss Roly Poly over her head, tomahawk fashion, and dancing into the midst of the tumult, but all around indiscriminately. The rout of the four-and-twenty Crotchets was complete. In the twinkling of a bed-post, as Chickabiddy expressed it, they were driven into their dormitory, and huddling themselves higgledy-piggledy beneath their blankets, set up a lamentation that might have moved a heart of stone.

## STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE POCKETFUL OF RYE.

Her recent feats of valor had put Chickabiddy in good humor, and to keep up this happy frame of mind, she resolved to enact a memorable piece of mischief before the night was over.

"That Semiquaver worries me more than ever," thought she, "and I must consult old Aunt Glamour, of Grumbleton, about him. So now, Miss Bristles," she continued, bestriding that unhappy broom-of all-work. "You will please to take me to Grumbleton as fast as your legs, I mean your shank, can carry me; so

"Hey, up the chimney, lass! Hey, up with you!
We'll laugh at the flames as the smoke we go through;
Be the night e'er so dark; be the wind e'er so fierce,
The wind we'll outstrip and the darkness we'll pierce."

As she sang this weird ditty, she flew up the chimney on the broomstick, untouched by fire or smoke, and then on through the darkness faster than the wind. The ride, if pleasant, was, of course, very short, and Chickabiddy was soon hauling old Glamour out of bed with rather less ceremony than she would have handled a bundle of old clothes.

"Oh, my stars! a radish; a radish; and not a vestige of a nose! Whatever will she do? Such a beautiful nose, too!"

"Hoity toity! Hold your tongue, do!" cried Chickabiddy. "What Bedlam talk is this?"

"Oh, Chickabiddy," said Glamour; "I have had *such* a dream."

"Never mind your dream just now; I want your advice. You know how Semiquaver worries me. Tell me how to dispose of him, so that I may be myself again."

"My dear it is not so easy to get rid of him. I know that by my books of magic."

"Those two books on the table? Well?"

"Believe me, Chickabiddy," continued Glamour, staring at her niece's nose as if she saw a "black" upon it, "you can't take his life."

"His life! Why, you wicked old wretch, you don't suppose I wan't to murder him, do you?"

"Well, but you can change him into any vile creature you choose, and I wish you would."

"You do, do you; you spiteful old thing? Anyhow, you're all wrong. I can't change him into anything, for I did try to change him into a pet canary, that I could cage up and tease, and then getting into a temper because I couldn't I tried to change him into a beastly raven, but it wouldn't change. He is the most obstinate, perverse child I ever knew."

"Well, I know you could not change him before, for he has a powerful protector, but now you may, through the help of my magic rye. Ah! it has taken five years to grow, but it has come up at last; it has come up at last!" And the old woman clenched her hands viciously. "Go to the bottom of the garden, Chicky, and pull a handful of rye there when you see a cloud passing over the moon. If you do it by the light of the moon, you will lose—— Oh, that nose; that nose!"

"Drat the old creature!" cried Chickabiddy, pettishly. "What keeps putting noses into your head to-night, and why do you stare at mine as if you wanted to eat it? But there, hold your tongue! I'm off for the magic rye!"

And away she went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BETTER THOUGHTS.

The favorite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor beggar who had requested alms. The injured man dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it, in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favorite was disgraced, and by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the beggar ran to fetch his pebble, but after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

## SPRING-TIME MUSINGS.

BY A. C.

They'll come once more—the soft warm breezes blowing.
From southern lands, lying far, far away;
Wakening the earth from its cold trance, and strewing
Bright gems of beauty all along our way.

They'll come once more—the green trees gently waving
With graceful motion as the wind sweeps by;
And noiselessly their pendent branches laving
In sparkling waters that beneath them lie.

They'll come once more—a thousand flowers upspringing
On every hill side, and in every dell;
And gentle winds a sweet, rich odor bringing
From the blue violet and the purple bell.

They'll come once more—the birds with music thrilling
Ere long will gladden earth and sky again.
E'en now I hear a little linnet trilling
A sweet, soft prelude to the summer's strain.

But, oh! they'll come no more—the friends we cherished.
Around whose hearts our own heart-tendrils twined;
With autumn flowers those loved ones droop'd and perished,
And their bright dwelling who of us can find?

They'll come no more—our youthful dreams departed,
Our bright hopes dimmed, our trust in others flown;
The friends we loved who left us weary hearted,
To tread life's darkened pathway sad and lone.

They'll come once more—yes, with our spirit vision
We gaze far, far away to realms above!
There, there, mid sacred groves and fields Elysian,
They'll come once more—friends, bright hopes, faith, and love!

"SEE, HERE IS A GOWN YOU CAN PUT ON AFTER I MAKE YOU LOOK A LITTLE MORE DECENT."

# JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.*

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

### CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

Very beautiful was that far Cornish land in the summer noon—a large, wild beauty, but neither desolate nor gloomy. The undulating fields had a fertile, prosperous look; the patches of common were golden with furze, and all the water pools shone like jewels under that bounteous glorifier of all things, the sun. Three miles short of Penmoyle, a village made dear to him by pleasant youthful memories, and where he had determined to take his rest, Joshua Haggard turned aside from the sandy road, little better than a lane on this steep hillside, and strolled on to a bit of rugged common land, all hillock and hollow, with water here and there in the deeper hollows, and furze ablaze upon all the hillocks. Here, he thought, was a pleasant place for half an hour's repose. He had walked seven or eight miles, and had three more to walk to Penmoyle, where he meant to dine with some of his old friends. The Penmoyle dinner hour would be over by an hour or two when he arrived, but the land was full of plenty.

There would be a slice of corned beef or Cornish ham, or a wedge of cold pasty at his service, to say nothing of crisply-baked cakes, fried potatoes and bacon—luxuries which the minister's soul renounced as dangerous, savoring too much of Esau's fatal feast.

Nothing could be prettier, in its own peculiar way, than that little bit of common on the top of the sandy hill. Perhaps it was its peacefulness that made it so lovely, or the summer atmosphere, in itself so lovely that it would have beautified a desert. There was a silence, save of sweet, vague, summer sounds; the humming of insects, the whispering of that soft west wind, and presently, bursting out with a shrill gush, the carol of the skylark aloft, a speck in the dazzling blue.

Joshua Haggard sighed the sigh of utter contentment, as he stretched himself on the mossy turf—the soil here grew more moss than grass—and inhaled the almond perfume of the furze, a warm sweetness, as if those golden butterfly blossoms smelt of the sun that had given them their color and their bloom.

It seemed as if that sigh of his woke the sleeping nymph of the scene, for there came in answer to it a faint fluttering sound like the rustle of a woman's garment—no *froiement* or *frou-frou* of rich silken tissue, but a little fluttering noise of softer, humbler drapery, such as poor folks wear.

Joshua Haggard turned his head a little way, and looked across the ragged clump of furze that topped the hillock on which he had thrown himself. There was a tiny pool of water in the hollow below, and on the other side of the hillock sat a girl, bareheaded under the summer sun, a little bundle lying on the turf beside her, her bare feet in the water. They shone silver-white under that clear water, and Joshua's heart gave a curious thrill—half fear, half wonder—as if he had seen a fairy.

There came back to his memory stories that he had loved in his childhood, before he had grown to believe that there were no other stories save Bible stories that were good for a man to read or admire. Dimly there came back to him a legend of a summer noontide such as this, and a princess transformed by wicked arts into a beggar wench washing her toil-worn feet by the wayside.

He could not see the girl's face as he looked down the slope on which she sat with her back to the hillock and to him; but he saw she had the princess' long fair hair, fair as flax and bright as the silk his children used to wind from the cocoons of their silkworms in the autumn evenings a few years ago.

"I am not much like the prince who met the disguised princess," he thought, smiling at his fancy; "nor yet like the lucky adventurer I used to read of in those fairy books. Poor child! I daresay she is some miner's daughter, who has been over the hills yonder to carry her father his dinner. I wonder whether she has ever read her Bible. I used to teach many such fair-haired children when I was in this part of the country, years ago."

The furze rustled as he bent over to look down at that sunlit head, with its loose flaxen hair, and the girl started and looked up at him, and gave a little cry of fear on seeing that dark, intent face bent above her.

She took her feet hastily out of the water, snatched up her bundle, and sprang quickly up, as if about to fly; but Joshua stepped quickly down from the hillock and stood beside her.

"Why are you running away, child? Are you afraid of me?"

She looked up at him with great blue eyes—those rare eyes that are absolutely blue, the azure of the summer sky—looked up at him in evident terror.

"Let me go!" she cried, as his strong hand grasped her arm gently but firmly.

"My child, I have no desire to detain you; but you mustn't run away from me as if I were some terrible monster. I will not do you any harm. I would do you good if I could, poor wandering lamb. Alas, I fear the world has not used you kindly, or the sight of a strange face would not scare you so."

"You won't take me back to them?" cried the girl, with a shudder.

"I will take you nowhere that you do not wish to go. But who are these people whom you fear so much?"

"The people I belong to."

"Your father and mother?"

"No. I never had a father or mother—not to know them."

"Who are these people, then?"

"The strollers. I was at Helston fair with them yesterday, and I ran away and slept under a haystack last night, and came on here this morning; and oh, please, please, please, good gentleman, don't take me back to them," she cried, clasping her hands piteously.

"Strolling players—mountebanks you mean?"

"Yes. They act, and dance, and tumble at fairs and places; and they have some horses, and sometimes they call themselves a circus; and they made me dance on the horses' backs and jump through hoops. I fell once and was nearly killed; it was only the sawdust saved me, they said."

"Poor child! Have you been with them long?"

"All my life," answered the girl, opening those innocent blue eyes. "I belong to them. I never had any other home or any other friends."

"My poor, lost lamb, and were they unkind?"

The girl's red under lip—fuller than the upper, like Sophia's—pouted a little as she meditated this question.

"They never starved me," she said; "they did not beat me often."

"But they did sometimes strike you?" cried the minister, indignantly.

"Yes; when I was stupid and could not learn what they wanted. I was fond of the horses and the jumping through hoops, though it was dangerous. But they wanted me to learn tricks with cards, and conjuring. I was stupid at that; the numbers puzzled me. And then the Black Captain—he's the master of us all—used to get into a passion and hit me, and swear at me, such dreadful words."

The very recollection was appalling, for she burst into tears and sobbed passionately for a minute or two. Joshua was accustomed to be the confidant and consoler of other people's troubles. He patted this wanderer gently on the shoulder, and comforted her with a few soothing words.

"You shall not go back to these people, child, if I can prevent it," he said; "and you shall learn to read your Bible. You have never learned that, I fear."

"Is that the book people read in the churches?" she asked.

"Yes, and in chapels, and in every Christian home."

"What's that?" asked the girl, wonderingly. "I don't know what that means."

Then Joshua tried, in simplest, easiest phrases, to tell her what Christianity meant, and what its founder had done for men. She listened meekly and understood some part of what he said, but even that much was dimly comprehended by her. The veil of ignorance which shrouded her young mind was too dense to be penetrated easily by the light of truth.

"Tell me how you came to belong to these strollers," said Joshua, presently.

"I don't know. I belonged to them always."

"You have no memory that goes back beyond that strolling life? Your mind cannot pierce to something behind that—far away—half forgotten; a different life, a fixed home?"

"No. The first thing I can remember is a little close room upon wheels, a room that was always moving, the hedges and trees going by outside. I used to watch them move. I thought it was the road that moved, not us; and I remember the little dark corner where I slept, squeezed in by the wall, and how I used to be almost smothered sometimes—that was when my first mother was alive; she was kind to me and I loved her dearly, but she used to get tipsy sometimes, poor thing. She danced on the slack rope, and she was very clever. She had been a rope-dancer in London, they said; and one night in Truro, she had been drinking, and lost her balance and fell from the rope, and hurt her head against a post, and she was very bad, and soon after she died."

Tears came into the girl's eyes as she told of her protectress' fate.

"How do you know that this woman was not really your mother?" inquired Joshua.

"Because they all told me I had no father or mother. I don't know how they came by me, but I belonged to them, and none of them belonged to me. Somebody once said they had bought me. When Susanna Beck was dead I had another mother, called Harriet Long, and she was cruel, and used to beat me if I didn't learn the steps or the songs she taught me quick enough. She was a dancer too, but on the ground, not on ropes; and she sang and acted, and tried to do everything. She didn't drink like poor Susannah, but she was greedy for money, and used to make me go round with a tambourine among the crowd begging, when the Black Captain—he did the ground and lofty—wasn't looking, and then used to take the money from me; and one day the Captain heard of it, and he beat her and me too, and then she took a dislike to me, and used to be very cruel; and then I grew up, and she said I was too big for my business; and then I made up my mind to run away the first time I could get off; and I watched and waited, and last night at Helston, Harriet was asleep in the van, and the others were almost as tipsy, and I crept out into the fields. It was warm and starlight; I felt quite happy. I ran for a long, long way, till I heard the sea washing against the rocks; and then I came to a farm, and crept in among some loose hay beside a haystack, and it smelt so sweet, and I forgot that I was hungry, and felt asleep, and when I woke the sun was shining and a little field-mouse was looking at me with its bright eyes, and I was ever so much hungrier."

"Poor child! Have you had nothing to eat since then?"

"Yes, a woman in a village I came through gave me a great thick slice of bread-and-cheese."

"Good woman! And now tell me what you mean to do?"

"To work in the fields, if they will let me."

"Field-labor! You don't look much like that. Show me your hands."

She laid a thin little hand confidingly in Joshua's brown palm. Quite a delicate hand, sunburnt on the outside, but with a soft pink palm and filbert-shaped nails; a hand that had done no hard work, and which, according to a popular theory, might be taken as a sign of a good lineage.

"My child, you were never made for field-labor," said the minister with kindly seriousness; "we must find some other work for you. It would be better for you to be a servant, if any one would be patient with you and teach you for a little while. I feel sure you are teachable."

"I learnt all but the card tricks," exclaimed the girl innocently. "I know the rabbit trick, and I learnt the nose-gay trick and the pocket-handkerchief trick quickly; but the numbers were so puzzling."

"Are you clever at your needle?"

"Nobody ever taught me to work. I used to mend the dresses sometimes, and sew on gold lace and spangles; but I'm afraid the stitches weren't very neat—they used to be so big!" and the damsel measured off a Brobdignagian stitch on her slender forefinger.

"You might be taught to work. You might be taught almost anything, I am sure," mused Joshua, looking intently at the fair sweet face so delicately, purely chiselled, with the pearly tints of a Greuze and the azure eyes he so loved to paint—just that exquisite ideal of girlhood's innocence which approaches as nearly as earthly mould can come to the angelic, and which may mean much or little. So innocent, so artless, so unconscious, so divinely lovely may Gretchen have appeared to the student in that vision in the witch's kitchen. This girl was of the Gretchen type, that fair Saxon beauty which seems made for love, and to have lived its hour and fulfilled its end when it has won its first lover. It was not the Cleopatra beauty, created to subjugate and hold a triad of heroes, but the transient perfection of a rose in June, which blooms once and for one only.

"If you will trust me and come with me, I will get you more fitting work than field-labor," said Joshua. "I have plenty of friends in the next village, and I shall find some one who will give you food and shelter for my sake. You will have to work for your bread, of course, and to be obedient."

"I always did what Harriet told me," answered the girl. "I will do anything to earn my bread."

"Anything that is honest," replied the minister's grave voice. "I hope you know the difference between right and wrong."

"I know that it is wrong to tell lies or to steal, but a great many of our people did it."

"You did not, I hope?"

"No. I tried to tell a lie once, but the words wouldn't come. Something inside me seemed to rise against it. I felt as if I should choke; and I thought after all they could only beat me, and then I told them the truth."

"That was brave and good of you. And when you have learnt to read your Bible you will love truth still more, and you will know many things that you do not know now."

"I'm afraid that will be a long time," said the girl despondently, "for I don't know any letters except those our clever pony knew. It was he that taught me to count."

"A pony taught you?"

"Well, perhaps I taught myself when I had to show the pony. 'Now, Mr. Maccaroni, show us number ten,' I used to say, and the pony used to put his hoof upon the card with the number; and he could tell the days of the week, and a lot more."

"You shall learn to read your Bible, my child, and to work with your needle, and to be industrious in proper useful duties; and you must forget all about the pony."

"Poor Maccaroni!" sighed the girl. "I was very fond of him. He used to put his kind old nose upon my shoulder and against my cheek; and I used to fancy that he pitied me. He was so clever, you see. I think he knew I was unhappy."

"What is your name, my dear child?" inquired Joshua, thoughtfully.

Even in Penmoyle some kind of introduction would be necessary, and it would be as well to make sure of his protege's name before he presented her to his friends in that village.

"Oh, I've had ever so many names," answered the girl frankly. "Sometimes they called me Mamselle Fantini, and sometimes The Little Wonder."

"Oh, dear, those outlandish names would not do!" exclaimed Joshua. "Were you never baptised?"

"If that's anything to do with church I should think not," replied the girl. "But they used to call me Cynthia generally. Perhaps that was my name."

"Cynthia! It's not a common name; but it's pretty enough, and it will do."

They have rather a leaning to fine names in Cornwall; and Mr. Haggard was not appalled by this fanciful name of Cynthia, even for a servant-girl.

"Come," he said, looking at his big silver watch, a huge machine in a double case, "if you've rested enough, we had better be moving on."

"You are not going to take me back to them?" asked the girl again, with an affrighted look.

"My child, can you not understand that an honest man's yea or nay is as good as an oath? I have promised not to give you back to your people. I am going to take you where you may earn your living, and learn to be a Christian."

"Is that as hard as conjuring?" inquired Cynthia simply.

"Oh, child, child, what sad darkness—here, in this land of light! What need to seek far away for the heathen, when we have them round us, near us, calling upon us mutely, like dumb creatures neglected and in pain?"

Cynthia had dried her bare feet on the sun-scorched grass—such pretty little feet, arched and slender. If such feet were put up at auction at Christie and Manson's, peeresses would be racing one another for them. She tied on a pair of dilapidated boots, the most miserable things, which hung round her feet like ragged sandals. Had she been Scotch or Irish she would have gone barefoot, and been comfortable; but being an English girl, these apologies for shoes seemed to her better than nothing.

She took up her little bundle again, and was ready to follow her new friend. They stood side by side under that cloudless blue, the lark singing loud and clear, bees humming, sweet wild flowers blooming under their feet, the distant sea gleaming yonder above the hills, like a strip of brightness against the sky. They seemed alone upon this lonely earth, alone under that azure heaven—of human voices there was no sound, only the glad chorus of Nature—bird and insect, waving trees and falling waters.

"Come," said Joshua again; and they walked down to the white road side by side and in silence.

### CHAPTER VI.

CYNTHIA GOES INTO SERVICE.

"You are not too tired to walk three miles farther?" Joshua asked kindly, when Cynthia and he had gone a little way along the sunny road.

"Oh, no; I have rested, and my feet don't burn as they did before I bathed them."

"You were very tired when you sat down to rest on that common."

"Very tired. I felt as if I should like to have lain down by the roadside, and never get up any more. I thought that perhaps I should go on walking all day,

and at night, when I was quite worn out, I should find a haystack, like the one where I slept last night, and I should lie down among the sweet-smelling hay, and never wake any more. I would rather have slept for ever than waked to go back to Harriet and the Black Captain."

"You shall never go back to them. If your father and mother are not amongst them, they can have no claim on you. Remember that always. I shall place you with some good kind people; and if ever those strollers find you, and try to take you away, you must refuse to go with them. You are mistress of your own life; they have no right to take you."

"Ah, but you don't know how strong the Captain is," said the girl, despondingly.

Joshua saw that she was not yet capable of learning that lesson of self-reliance which he wished to teach. She was not much more than a child in years, and had but a child's knowledge of life.

"Have no fear of the Captain or any one else," he said, "so long as you learn to read your Bible, and do your duty by the light that will give you. This Black Captain is a gipsy, I suppose?"

"He is very dark, with a skin like tarnished copper, and black fierce eyes, and he wears gold rings in his ears."

"Forget that you ever saw him," said Joshua. "I doubt if he will ever trouble your life again."

He was thinking what a transformation domestic life would make in this wild flower he had found by the wayside. That flaxen hair, now falling in picturesque disorder over the girl's neck and shoulders, would be neatly bound up under a thick muslin mob-cap. A pity to hide anything so pretty; but then "it is good for a woman's head to be covered;" and a flower in a well-kept garden cannot bloom in Nature's profuse beauty like the starry traveler's joy in the hedges. A neat cottage gown, muslin neckerchief, and large white apron would replace those disorderly rags, which now hung loosely on the slender figure. Her old companions would hardly recognise the runaway in this decent attire, should chance bring them to Penmoyle, which lay off the beaten tracks, and was about the sleepiest place imaginable.

Joshua began the walk at his usual pace of four miles an hour, but soon discovered that his companion was flagging, and altered his step to suit hers. They were an hour and a half walking those three miles, and the minister questioned Cynthia still more closely upon her past life—that comfortless wandering childhood, which held no sunny memories of childish pleasures; that unprotected girlhood, among dark scenes and dark minds. He found her a poor benighted creature, ignorant of all those things which, in his mind, were most needful or most hallowed; but he found no evil in her. She had lived among sinners, yet seemed to have remained sinless. No unclean or degrading thought shaped itself upon those lovely lips. It seemed to Joshua that in her beauty and youth there was a spiritual purity, which, even in contact with unholy things, had escaped all contamination.

Their way lay along a parched high-road, sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill. They were within half a mile of Penmoyle, when they turned into a narrow lane, between tall ragged hedges full of dog-roses and honeysuckle.

"Is this the way to the place where I'm to stop?" asked Cynthia, very tired.

"Yes; we are very near the village now."

"Do you live there?"

"No. My home is in Devonshire, a long way off."

"I'm sorry for that. I would rather have been your servant than any one else's, because you are so good to me."

The soft blue eyes looked up at him full of trust; sweeter eyes, it seemed to him, than had ever been lifted to his face before.

* * * * * *

Perhaps that Cornish village of Penmoyle was as sleepy a place as one could easily discover upon this varied earth. There was no reason for its existence save that the fields must be tilled, and flocks and herds tended, and that the human beasts of burden who perform those agricultural duties must live somewhere. Yet slumberous, sequestered as it was, Penmoyle had a completeness and beauty with which Providence had not endowed all Cornish villages. It was an ancient settlement, and had its old priory church and its patron saint, and there were yet traces of the priory that had first given the spot name and dignity. It was the centre of a fertile oasis amid the wild hills, and the meadows round about were full of fatness. On one side of the village street was the post-office; on the other an old rambling inn, with a good deal of empty stabling. Opposite the inn stood a clump of horse-chestnuts—noble old trees which made a shadow and a darkness beneath them, where the tramp and wanderer lay down to rest in sultry August noontides and forgot all weariness and care under those spreading boughs, and where the village children played at sundown. To the right of this chestnut-grove stood the village dame's school—not a free institution, but a self-supporting academy, which exacted fourpence a week from its scholars—a white wooden cottage with neat latticed casements and green palings; a lattice porch, myrtle-shaded; a green door and brass knocker, exactly like the door of a doll's-house; a wicker birdcage in the right parlor window, and a brazen one in the window on the left; a row of geraniums and mignonette in vermilion pots on every window-sill.

It was three o'clock, and a Saturday afternoon, when Joshua Haggard and his companion entered the village. School was over for the week, and the voices of the children pealed shrilly from beneath the chestnut leafage. Joshua went straight to that myrtle-shadowed porch and knocked with the shining brass knocker; the girl standing a little way behind him, wondering at his audacity in approaching such a splendid abode.

The door was opened by a spinster of middle age, tall and thin, with dark hair neatly arranged in little bunches of stiffly-curling ringlets on each side of her small square forehead. She wore a flowered-challis gown, which Cynthia considered absolutely beautiful; and her neat waist was zoned by a broad ribbon band, to match the challis, tightly clasped by a large gilt buckle. Her square muslin collar was trimmed with pillow-lace, and her brooch was a jewel to wonder at. Round her brow she wore a circlet of narrow black velvet, and the ends of her long gold earrings touched her shoulders. Her eyes were black and bright like jet beads; her nose sharp and a noticeable length; her complexion russet and ruddy, with a hard look like winter apples.

At sight of Joshua she gave a shrill scream, expressive at once of wonder and delight.

"My!" she exclaimed, "did I ever! Who would have thought it? Debbie dear, come here."

This summons to somebody unseen was shrieked in a still higher key; and from the little parlor to the right emerged a second figure in a challis gown, so like the first in person and in all outward adornments that Cynthia stared from one to the other, transfixed by astonishment.

They were not twin sisters, those middle-aged maidens; but sisters who live together and have their garments cut off the same piece are apt to become the image of each other. The Miss Weblings had spent five-and-forty years of life in constant companionship. They thought alike; ate and drank the same things, and by the same measure; dressed alike, walked alike, spoke alike, and uttered the same ejaculations with the simultaneousness of a single machine.

Deborah threw up her hands and eyebrows on beholding Mr. Haggard, exactly as Priscilla had done a minute earlier.

"My!" she cried. "To think now! Did you ever?"

Then followed a perfect gush of rejoicing from both spinsters, who took the minister between them and drew him into the best parlor. Both parlors were the pink of neatness, and ornate after their manner, but the parlor in which the brazen canary cage hung was the best *par excellence*. It was the room for Sunday afternoon occupation and stately tea-drinkings, the room in which to lay the dessert on Christmas-day.

"The cowslip wine, Priscilla," cried the elder sister.

"And the seedy-cake, love," added the younger.

Cynthia stood in the porch all this time, mutely wondering!

"And what blessed Providence has brought you this way, dear sir?" asked Deborah, while Priscilla unlocked a closet in the wainscot which was half as large as the room, and produced therefrom a decanter of dark brown wine, and a seed-cake in a green dessert-plate.

Mr. Haggard explained his mission in the west briefly, while Priscilla filled a glass of wine and cut a wedge of cake.

"And you came this way on foot on purpose to see old friends," said Deborah. "How good of you! You don't know how we have missed your blessed teaching, and thought and talked of you since you were last at Penmoyle. Do you find the place improved?" she asked with an air of latent pride.

"It looks as pretty and as peaceful as ever," replied Joshua.

"Oh, but didn't you take notice? They've built a new house on the left-hand side as you come from Truro road. It makes quite an addition to the place. And Mrs. Simmons at the shop has enlarged her window, and has painted herself up a bit outside and the church vane has been gilded. We were quite busy last spring, I assure you."

"And your school? I hope that has been going on prosperously?"

"We've been very well off for pupils, but I'm afraid children get duller and duller every year. It seems harder work to teach 'em. If we hadn't the comfort of knowing that we've got a nice little bit of property laid by, it would be too wearying. But when one knows one's old age is provided for, one can bear a good deal. You've come to make a bit of a stay, I hope, Mr. Haggard?"

"No, indeed; I'm sorry to say I'm not free to do that. I must get across to Truro in time for the night coach, for I must be at Combhollow for service to-morrow. There's no one to minister to my flock when I'm away."

On this followed lamentations from both sisters. They had hoped that he would stay; that he would preach in their tabernacle, which was a little bit of a building with a sloping roof, next door to the shop—a building that had begun life as a stable.

"I want to see all old friends at Penmoyle," said Joshua, this village having been one of his favorite abiding places in the days of his Cornish wanderings; "but I came to you first, Miss Webling, because I've a favor to ask of you. There's a girl outside——"

"Yes, I saw her," cried Priscilla, eagerly, "a tramp. And she's there still, I declare," looking sideways at the porch. "Was there ever such impudence?"

"I brought her," said Joshua.

"You! I thought she had been begging of you. She looks an awful character."

"I do not believe there is any harm in her," said the minister; "and then remember who said that He was sent to the lost sheep of Israel. It is the duty of His ministers to seek and to save those that are lost. I found that stray lamb by the wayside."

"Ah, dear Mr. Haggard, I'm afraid she has imposed upon your goodness."

"I don't think so. I have questioned her closely, and she seems to me innocent and good, little more than a child in years, and in sore need of help and protection. Now it struck me, my kind friends, that you would be the very people to help her."

"We! Oh, Mr. Haggard, when you know that we never could abide a grain of dust about our place! A creature like that, with ragged, yellow hair, and not a thing upon her that isn't in tatters! What could we do for her?"

"Take her in and make her clean and clothe her comfortably, and teach her to read her Bible and earn her living honestly. That's what I want you to do, Miss Webling."

"But consider, Mr. Haggard, the children. A creature with hair like that! What an example for them!"

"Twist her hair up into a knob like your own, or cut it off if you like, only make a Christian of her. You used to feel an interest in missionary work, Miss Priscilla."

"Yes, dear Mr. Haggard, but I never held with mixing things that ought to be kept separate. Converting the heathen is a good and gracious work, but you don't want to mix up heathens with ready-made Christians. Of course there's very little Deborah and I wouldn't do to oblige you; still at the same time——"

"Put me out of the question, Miss Priscilla, and think of the higher motive. 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' That poor child is waiting all this time, and I know she is faint and tired. Take her in and do what you can for her, and I'll tell you her story afterwards."

Priscilla looked at Deborah and Deborah at Priscilla, and then both maidens looked askance out of the window, descrying Cynthia's drooping figure through the lattice of the porch.

"She looks tired," said Deborah, "and she doesn't look as if there was much harm in her, as tramps go. She doesn't look violent."

"It would go against us to refuse you anything, Mr. Haggard," said Priscilla. "But when we have dressed her comfortably and given her a good meal, what are we to do with her?"

"We'll settle that afterwards. Teach her to be your servant, if you can. She looks bright and teachable. You have no servant, I think?"

"No. We've tried a girl more than once; but girls are more trouble than they are worth, and make more dirt than they clean. What would such a girl as that be, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps better than the common run of girls. She seems to me to have more than the common intelligence."

"Well," said Miss Webling, decisively, "to oblige you, dear Mr. Haggard, we'll call her in and make her decent, and give her something to eat. That reminds me that I've a question to ask you," added the spinster, with solemnity. "Have you dined?"

"I did very well as I came along," replied Joshua, evasively; "but I am ready to admit that a slice of cold pasty would be acceptable."

"You shall have it hot in less than half an hour. There's a couple of pasties in the oven. We always bake on Saturday so as to have something cold for Sunday. They'll be ready in about twenty minutes. You can lay the cloth in the other room, Priscilla, while I see to the young woman."

"If I hadn't known you were a good soul, I shouldn't have come here to-day, Miss Webling," said Joshua, with a grateful look.

Deborah went back to the neat little passage and opened the door. The girl looked up at her with rather an alarmed expression. This image of female respectability had something of a Gorgon-like aspect to her, although she vastly admired the flowered-challis gown and the brazen buckle.

"Come in and be washed, young woman," said Deborah, somewhat sternly; and the address was so alarming that Cynthia shrank away a little, and would perhaps have refused the invitation, if Joshua had not put his head out of the adjacent parlor just at this moment.

"You will do whatever this kind lady tells you, my child," said the minister, with mild authority, and on this Cynthia obeyed as meekly as a lamb, and followed Miss Webling into the back premises at the end of the narrow passage. Here they came to a neat, plain bedroom, and beyond that there was a kitchen or scullery, brick-floored, with a stone sink and a pump in one corner, a copper in another, and a couple of washing tubs in a third. It was into this chamber of purification that Deborah conducted the wanderer.

She hoisted the washing tubs upon the sink, after turning up her scanty gown and pinning it round her waist by way of preparation, and pumped it nearly full of the pure spring water.

"There," she said, showing the girl a little wooden soap-bowl, "there are soap and water for you, and now, if you have any notion of cleanliness, take advantage of your opportunity."

"I shall be very glad to wash the dust off, thank you, ma'am," answered the girl, submissively.

Miss Webling cast a glance round her scullery, as if to ascertain that there was nothing convenient for surreptitious removal; and then left the stroller to her ablutions, after pointing out the round towel—a most uncompromising strip of huckaback.

"When you've made yourself thoroughly clean you can come into my kitchen," said Miss Webling, "and I'll see what I can do for you in the shape of clothes."

"Thank you, ma'am. I should like a flowery gown, like yours," replied the girl, innocently.

"Nonsense, child. This was my Sunday gown for the last three years. I've only just taken to it for workaday afternoons."

And Miss Webling departed, locking the scullery door upon her guest.

Priscilla was in the kitchen, putting some things upon a tray to lay the cloth, and Mr. Haggard gone out to look up some of his old friends, pending the preparation of his meal.

"Come up-stairs with me, Prissy, and let us see if we can find anything for this girl," said Deborah; and the two maidens ascended a corkscrew staircase to their lavender-scented bedchamber, and there knelt side by side before a large trunk, in which they kept their superannuated clothing. Everything had been neatly folded and carefully put away, and there was a perfume of rose-leaves and spices among the folds of linen and woolen stuff. The sisters made their selection very carefully, pondering long over certain garments, and then putting them back into the box again, as too good to be given away.

"If we knew that a good use would be made of them, we should be more inclined to make a sacrifice," said Priscilla, "but a creature of that kind may sell them directly after she has left us."

Finally, after much serious discussion, a choice was made. Such curious, antiquated undergarments, with a great deal of frilling, the fabric yellow with age; a gown of printed cotton, and of a pattern which the modern mind associates with bed furniture, and which would be hard to find nowadays.

Miss Webling went back to the bedroom with the bundle of clothes, unlocked the door of the scullery, and told her prisoner to come forth. The spinster's love of the beautiful had not been developed by culture, yet even she was moved to admiration at the vision which appeared at her call.

The girl's fair face was glowing and rosy from the bath; her eyes shone clear and bright; her lips were the color of opening rosebuds; her sunny hair hung over her shoulders in rippling showers; her neck and arms were pure as ivory against the dark bodice of her ragged petticoat. She had not put on the tattered blue and white cotton gown which had served as her outer garment.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Webling, "you look all the better for a little soap and water. See, here is a gown you can put on after I make you look a little more decent."

Taking a very hard brush and a bone comb, Deborah made poor Cynthia sit down, and at once set to work operating upon the stroller's hair, taking up the soft flaxen tresses in a gingerly manner.

Finding that soft hair very clean, she began a vigorous brushing, and then twisted the long tresses in one compact rope, and wound them round in a hard ball at the back of the small head. This new arrangement curiously altered the character of the girl's face, and gave something of a puritan look to the fair oval countenance. All that was wild and picturesque in that girlish head had been soared away by Deborah's comb and brush.

"Now," said Deborah, approvingly, "you begin to look decent."

"It feels so strange to have a knob at the back of my head," said Cynthia, shaking the tight lump of hair.

"Ah, I'm afraid you've come from a place where most Christian-like things are strange," sighed Deborah.

Then came the process of dressing. All the garments were too loose and too long for the slender figure, and had to be tied up, and buttoned over, and generally adapted as they were put on. When the gown came—that striped brown and yellow cotton—Cynthia gave a little shudder at its hideousness. But it was whole, and her own was in tatters. She was obliged to feel grateful for the exchange. The huge leg of mutton sleeves almost swallowed her up, and one of Miss Webling's frilled collars hung over her shoulders like a small cape.

"You look clean and respectable," said Deborah, decisively, "and that's a good deal to have done for you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


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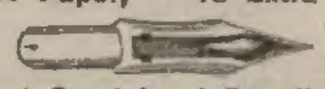

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## PLANTS BY CUTTINGS.

A large number of plants may be propagated by cuttings with all the ease imaginable; such for instance as geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, fuchsias, petunias, carnations and so on through a long list of herbaceous plants. It may be done at any season of the year, when the plants are in proper condition.

The first requisite is to see that the plant is in proper condition. This you get at by bending the cutting; if in the act it breaks square off, holding only by the bark on one side, it is all right, but if it mashes together at the bend, and does not break, it is too old or too hard, and will not be likely to grow.

Next take a common saucer or deep plate and fill it level full of sand—no matter what kind of sand, so it is not from the immediate seashore and contains salt. Now have your cuttings ready, and stick them into the sand all over the saucer so close together that theft leaves press against each other. The sand must next be watered, and kept perfectly wet—as wet as water will make it. Set the saucer in a sunny window of any room of the house directly exposed to the sun, and your work is finished, only you must not forget to water it at least once a day.

The temperature of the room in which your cuttings are kept should never fall below 60 degrees nor rise above 100 degrees. Attend to this plan carefully, according to the foregoing directions, and almost every cutting you put out will take root and grow in from six to twenty days. Verbenas, heliotropes and fuchsias root in about a week.

Now you did not know it was so easily accomplished, did you? The professional florists conduct operations upon precisely the same plan, but until late it has been a kind of secret with them, or, at least, they did not take the pains to tell all the good ladies who love flowers how easy a thing it was to propagate them by cuttings.

Roses may be propagated in the same way, though it takes them longer to root—from two to three weeks. The best time to take a rose cutting is when the branch chosen has developed a bud about the size of a garden pea. Cut the branch smoothly, letting it be from three to five inches long.

So soon as rooted, cuttings must be removed from the sand and potted in good, mellow garden soil or woods earth.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE use of nickel has been proposed for the protection of the needles of marine compasses against rust. The deposit of nickel does not seem to affect appreciably the magnetization.

"HYDROPHOBIA," says Dr. Hall, is sometimes a purely nervous disease; that is, it may be generated by the imagination—as proof, there are records of many who have died of hydrophobia having a shuddering at the sight of water, and foaming at the mouth, when in reality mad dogs do neither."

IN damp closets and cupboards which generate mildew, a trayful of quicklime will be found to absorb the moisture and render the air pure, but, of course, it is necessary to renew the lime from time to time as it becomes fully slaked. It will be found useful in safes and strong rooms, the damp air of which acts injuriously on the deeds and documents.

COAL FIELDS OF SPAIN.—In a paper lately read before the French Society of Engineers, the area of the coal fields of Spain was estimated to equal 150,000 square leagues (the hectare equals 1.47 acres). From these deposits only about 500,000 to 600,000 tons of mineral are annually produced, while in Belgium, with the same area, the production is 10,000,000 tons. The Spanish coal fields are in the provinces of Castile, Leon and the Asturias. The process of extraction is described as being quite rude and imperfect.

DETECTING WOOD IN PAPER.—The following is the best means for detecting the presence of ground wood in paper: Mix one part of aniline of oil with two parts of sulphuric acid that has previously been diluted in six parts of water. A drop of this clear solution, if thrown upon paper containing ground wood, will immediately dye yellow every particle of wood it moistens. A still better mixture is three parts of strong nitric acid and one part of sulphuric acid. This, when applied as in the former case, will give the wood an almost brown color.

A NEW FUEL.—A large factory for the manufacture of a new fuel, made from the waste of anthracite coal, goes into operation in Philadelphia this week. The new fuel, the invention of a citizen of Mauch Chunk, is composed of ninety-five per cent. of coal dust and five per cent. of clay, with a small amount of a glue-like mixture made of rye flour and slacked lime. It is in pieces of the shape and size of hen's eggs. To make the pieces impervious to water, they are dipped in a solution of "candle-gum," a residuum of paraffine and crude benzine.

THE western tannin plant, which grows luxuriantly in the Missouri River Valley, seems destined to replace oak bark in tanning. It contains eighteen per cent. of tannin, while the best bark contains but twelve per cent., and large establishments employing it in Chicago find that one-third more leather can be obtained with it than with a like quantity of bark. The process of tanning with it is identical with that with bark, but the leather is tougher, finer and more durable, and receives a finer finish. The plant is an annual, and can be mowed and dried and stacked like hay.

THE monster 81-ton gun which is being enlarged from 14½ inch diameter to sixteen inches, half an inch at a time, has been tested with favorable results at the 15-inch diameter. The problem the committee has to answer, was submitted by the British Admiralty in 1873, namely, to make a gun which can penetrate twenty inches of solid iron, strongly backed, at a distance of 1000 yards. Major Noble, the great arsenal authority, has calculated that this gun, when widened to a 16-inch bore, will throw a shot of 1800 pounds with such velocity as to penetrate, at 1000 yards range, an iron-clad ship protected with twenty-seven inches of solid iron.

THE experimental works about to be begun for the tunneling of the British channel consist in sinking two shafts, one on either coast, about 150 feet deep, from which an ordinary mining drift about half a mile long will be driven under the sea. This work would be a true beginning of the proposed permanent tunnel. Its cost is estimated at $400,000, of which sum the companies will find $100,000 each; the Rothschilds of London and Paris have each undertaken to find similar amounts; the Chemin de Fer du Nord will contribute $200,000, and the London, Chatham and Dover and Southeastern railways will respectively subscribe $100,000.

GUNS and rifles may be easily cleaned from lead by the following: If a muzzle loader, stop up the nipple or communication hole with a little wax, or if a breech-loader, insert a cork in the breech rather tightly; next pour some quicksilver into the barrel, and put another cork in the muzzle, then proceed to roll it up and down the barrel, shaking it about for a few minutes. The mercury and the lean will form an amalgam, and leave the barrel clean and free from lead as the first day it came out of the shop. The same quicksilver can be used repeatedly by straining it through wash-leather, for the lead will be left behind in the leather, and the quicksilver will be again fit for use.

MANY years ago it was asserted that camphor possessed the power of accelerating the germination of seeds, and a similar property was subsequently claimed for chlorine, bromine, and iodine. Hackel has by experiment found the statements correct. Seeds of Raphanus sativus (the common radish) germinated on the average in eight days when treated with pure water only; kept moist with iodine water, they germinated in five days; with bromine water, in three days; and with the chlorine water, in two days. The monobromide of camphor produced the most extraordinary effect, germination occurring after a mean interval of thirty-six hours. Hackel does not suggest any explanation. Alkaline borates and silicates retard germination, while soluble arseniates prevent it by destroying the embryo.

## AGRICULTURAL.

THE Mariposa *Express* says that a large Irish potato from the Yosemite Valley is on exhibition in that town. It weighs five pounds and a quarter.

CUCUMBERS may be started in pots or squares of sod in the hot-bed, and set out when the weather has become suitable, or if one has hand-frames, a few hills may be planted for extra early.

SULPHUR mixed with a little lard will destroy lice on chickens. But the best remedy is to prevent the lice from appearing among poultry by freely scattering sulphur about their roosts and in the nests.

FOR spasmodic colic in horses, give one ounce of sulphuric ether and laudanum to a pint of cold water, and repeat the dose every fifteen minutes until the symptoms abate. A pint of turpentine, dissolved in a quart of a solution of soap, as an injection, will frequently give almost immediate relief.

GRAPES cannot be grown from single leaves, but the young growth, when taken from vines grown under glass, can be made to root very readily. The proper method is from single eyes on bottom heat, or in the open ground. Layering is also employed when the number of young plants desired is limited.

AT Point Reyes, California, there is a dairy farm of 65,000 acres, on which there are 5000 cows. The farm, together with the cows, is rented in part to several tenants. They make from $1000 to $2000 per annum, clear of all expenses. The yield from the cows is reported to be excellent. Some of the butter ranches show an average of $80 per cow, through a whole herd of 200.

PURE WATER FOR ANIMALS.—The Canada *Farmer* truly says that no animal should be required to drink water which the owner himself would refuse, especially so if that animal is the cow from which you hope to make good butter. It is sufficient on this point to say that pure water is an indispensable article to the success of the dairyman, for good butter or cheese can not be made where good water can not be obtained.

PLANTS that have been exposed to a temperature low enough to freeze them, should, before being exposed to a temperature above the freezing-point or to the sunshine, be placed in a dark room and surrounded by an atmosphere as near as possible at the freezing-point, or one degree above it. Plants thawed under such conditions will often escape all injurious consequences of freezing.

WEEDS IN ORCHARDS.—Advice is given by a German professor to keep in orchards a certain space around the trees free from grass and weeds, as these draw too much water away from the trees; indeed, it has been proved that trees which were sickly and bore little fruit, have been restored to vigorous growth by returning to them the necessary water in this way. To prove how much water fruit trees need, it may be stated here that an acre planted with them will evaporate in about ten days 5,000,000 pounds of water.

SPRING GRAINS.—All the spring grains are best to be sown early, but what *early* is, depends greatly upon the character and condition of the soil. There are early soils, light, warm and naturally well drained; on these barley and oats may be sown several days sooner than on cold, heavy clays. As a rule our earlier sown crops have been the best, even upon our heaviest fields, and to have the work well forward, is a temptation to hurry the seed into the ground as soon as the soil is in proper condition for it, but not sooner.

THE seed of sunflowers is the most healthy feed that can be given to horses in winter and spring; half a pint a day keeps them in health and spirited, with sleek coats, and more animated than any other feed. It prevent "heaves" and some other diseases. All places, with the least tendency to malarial difficulties, should have numbers of sunflowers growing about the residences. Then they are great favorites with little birds—yellow birds, blue birds, wrens, and many others—which will leave fruits and berries to perch upon and pick sunflower seed.

CELERY is another vegetable which we would like to see farmers more generally raising and enjoying. The impression is prevalent that the cultivation of celery is expensive, and there was much labor in the old-fashioned mode of growing it in trenches. The simple and true plan is to start it in the hot-bed, transplant into some rich border, the plants standing six inches apart, so as to grow stocky, and when the early peas are out of the way, run a plow both ways, that is, make a double furrow; where the rows of peas stood, put in some well-rotted manure, and set out the celery plants six or eight inches apart on this, and do the after-cultivation mostly with the plow. Celery is not only refreshing in the winter, but is also very healthy. All animals, man included, crave something green in our long winters, and celery is just the plant to satisfy this craving. It is easily kept by packing it with some dirt on the roots in a box, and covered thoroughly with dry leaves. The celery treated in this way will grow and blanch beautifully.

THE GARDEN.—Nothing like having the garden spot rich and well prepared, that is, well manured, if not rich enough naturally, which is seldom the case, and also deeply broken either with the plough or the spade. In the way of manure there is nothing better for the garden than an abundance of well decomposed stable compost, as it supplies near all the elements of plant food needed. Most of the commercial fertilizers are good, and may be used in cases where the stable manure is not convenient, but an extensive experience with most of them has left us preferring stable manure for the garden on all occasions where it is to be had conveniently. In the application of manure so as to obtain the best results good judgment is decidedly necessary, owing to the different character of the different vegetables cultivated. Some want very rich ground and like coarse manures, as most of the root crops, while others want it not quite so rich, but fine and well worked, as peas and beans. But there is not much danger of getting any of the ground too rich with stable manure, provided it is thoroughly rotted and mixed with the natural soil.


WHAT IS MORE COMMON OR DISTRESSING THAN A BILIOUS ATTACK? Who is not familiar with the well-known symptoms, Oppression across the Stomach and Chest, Low Spirits, Restlessness, Gloominess of Mind, Weariness, Dull Headache, Dirty, Greasy Appearance of the Skin, Yellow Tinge of the White of the Eyes, Loss of Appetite, and Costiveness? Few, indeed, of the more ordinary ills of life are more widely prevalent than these Bilious Disorders, and yet they may be readily gotten rid of by using Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, by whose operation the Liver will be rapidly restored to healthy action, the vitiated secretions of the stomach changed, all costiveness removed, and the whole system assisted in recovering its normal condition.

## FACETIÆ.

There is one man in Philadelphia who does not expect to make a fortune this year. His funeral will take place to-morrow.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have your girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation.

A young man was asked why he did not marry, when he promptly replied:
"My dear sir, I've been a salesman in a dry goods store for ten years."

Scene, a butcher's stall.
Butcher—"Come, John, be lively, now; break the bone in Mr. Williams' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."
John (briskly)—"All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

Sonic, Sprig, beautiful Sprig,
Happiest season ob the year,
Haste thee, nypd, ad wid thee brig,
April wid its smides ad tear.
Cash-o-o-o! Cash-e-e! Cash-o-o-o!

"Say, ma, wasn't England the mother of this country?"
"Yes, my son, you ought to know that."
"Well, wasn't George Washington its father?"
"Why—y-yes, of course."
"Well, ma, wot I wants inquire is——"
"You you go right out and split that wood, George, or I'll *inquire* you!"

"How much is my bill?" inquired a sad-eyed youth in a Chicago confectionery store the other day.
The proprietor looked over his books a minute and then replied:
"Sixteen dollars and fifteen cents."
As the young man drew forth his wallet to meet the account, he sighed deeply and said:
"I tell you this is tough!"
"How so?" asked the confectioner.
"Oh, she's gone back on me."
"Who?"
"Oh, she—the girl that eat all the candy," continued the unhappy youth; "and I tell you it's hard to pay for so much sweetness after its gone and soured on a fellow."
The candy man acknowledged that it did seem kind of rough.

The Husband Market.—A strong-minded woman married a man not noted for activity of body or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over, upon awakening one morning he found his spouse in tears.
"My love,' said he, "what is the matter?"
"Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream."
"Why, what was it?"
"I thought I was going up Broadway, shopping, when I saw a sign, 'Husbands for sale.' So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they sold a splendid specimen for fifteen hundred dollars."
"But did they all bring as much as that?"
"Oh, no! They went at a thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and so on down."
"Well, did you see any that looked like me?"
"Yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."
Tableau.

Cheap at Half the Price.—At the lower end of Woodward avenue yesterday an old apple-woman offered her fruit to a vessel captain, who was sighing over the good times of 1856. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look and said:
"Well, well. Why you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheek—same white teeth."
"Take an apple for two cents, Captain," she replied.
"I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do."
"Take an apple for a cent, Captain," she answered, smiling like a rose.
"Some rich old fellow will come along some day, searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to peddle apples any more."
"Here, Captain, two for a cent, take two of the biggest!" she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

### GERMAN BEDS.

Charles Dudley Warner doesn't like German beds. He says:

"I found my bed at Wittenburg to consist of a mattress with one sheet spread on it, and on top of that a short, fat down bed. Previous experience of the like told me that with this sort of bed several things would happen in the night; the bed would not cover my feet; it would not cover my shoulders; it would become intolerably hot if I could curl under it, and it could not by any skill of mine be long kept on. In order to keep this encumbrance in place you must lie awake all night. Accordingly I summoned the waiter. The waiter called the chambermaid. I told them that if I could have no other cover, I must, at least, have another sheet, so that my feet might not be left naked and defenceless in the world. They consulted, and finally came to a conclusion. When I returned I found that the sheet had been taken off and another one put one, which the maid explained was longer than the other; otherwise, the situation was unchanged. I insisted that I desired two sheets, in order to have one over me. This was too much for the experience of the chambermaid, who exclaimed, 'What! two sheets! Mein gott!' 'Yes, I said, 'two sheets, one above the other.' With great reluctance my order was executed."

### CABS.

Every American who has been abroad hungers for the hansom cab. The convenience of it, the comfort of it, the charm of it, make a city without it scarcely endurable. We have rather better omnibuses than the London ones; and our cars on the better routes are well enough when not overcrowded; but the hansom cab is everything to busy citizens or impatient travelers. The qualities that endear it to the affections of sojourners in the great English metropolis are, first, its ubiquitous nature—for a cab in London is always at hand; in the denser part of the town its numbers are legion, and in the less frequently portions one, apparently, has but to wish for a cab and it will appear in sight. Its next great merit is celerity of movement. A London cab-driver pushes along at a speed that, if imitated with us, would lead a half-sleepy Broadway policeman to wonder whether it wasn't a case for arrest for fast driving. The third great feature of this fascinating outcome of English civilization is cheapness. The assurance that you are certain to find a cab passing your door at any moment, which, for a small piece of coin, will rapidly transfer you to any given point within the city limits, is something eminently consoling, and extinguishes all apprehension of discomfort in locomotion.


**Removing Life's Heaviest Burden.**

To remove the burden of disease, the heaviest that poor humanity is compelled to bear, is certainly a grand object, a glorious mission. Assuredly the discoverer of a remedy which accomplishes this result is entitled to the gratitude and respect of mankind. Such a remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose great success is attributable to the fact that its restorative action upon the debilitated and disordered system is in accordance with the principles of common sense. It invigorates the sick, and, as their strength increases, the burden of disease grows lighter. It reforms those physical irregularities which render weakness chronic, and thus eradicates the evil at its very source. Liver complaint, malarious fevers, constipation, urinary troubles, uterine weakness and many other causes of general debility and ill health are completely removed by the combined tonic and alterative operation of the Bitters.

**A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat** requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will almost invariably give relief.

**SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.**

Cure Sick Headache and all Disorders of the Liver, indicated by sallow skin, coated tongue, costiveness, drowsiness and general feeling of weariness and lassitude, showing that the liver is in a torpid or obstructed condition.

In short, these Pills may be used with advantage in all cases when a purgative or alterative medicine is required.

**The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."**—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

**Rheumatism**

Is radically, rapidly, and readily cured by use of Griffen's Rheumatic Remedies. Price One Dollar each. Sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.25, to any part of the United States. Universal Hemorrhoidal cures Piles, *painlessly*, in a week. Price 75 cents. Sent by express for $1.50. Office, No. 114 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia. *Mention this paper.*

**The Human Hair.**—How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic washes* and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various condition, preventing its falling off and promoting its healthy growth.

**To One and All.—Are You Suffering from** a cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or any of the various pulmonary troubles, that so often terminate in consumption? If so, use "*Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil and Lime*," a safe and efficacious remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

On examination of the goods in packages furnished by Mr. R. A. Longon, of New York, the publishers of this paper unhesitatingly say that they are all that is claimed by him, and recommend our readers to patronize him.

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THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1 bottles. 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other.

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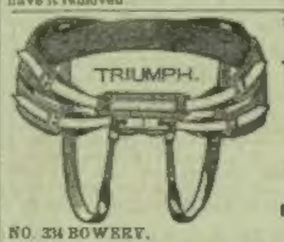
Entirely removed with purely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee unless the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. Dr. E. F. Kunkel, No. 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice free. Seat, Pile and Stomach Worms also removed, never fails. For removing all kinds but Tape Worms, the medicine can be had of your druggist. Ask for Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1. For Tape Worm, the patient must come on and have it removed.

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MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS were selected by Mr. Ira D. Sankey for his use in the Moody and Sankey meetings throughout England, and are used by him in all these meetings in America.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS were awarded the FIRST MEDAL at the PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867, in competition with THE BEST MAKERS OF THE WORLD. It was no small surprise to European manufacturers that an American competitor should obtain this high honor.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. Seven Stops. *Bass*—Viola. Diapason. *Treble*—Flute, Melodia. *Throughout*—Vox Humana. Automatic Swell. I. Forte. II. Forte. Resonant Case. Cash Price, $136.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS were again awarded the HIGHEST MEDAL, for demonstrated superiority at the *most searching and extensive comparison of such instruments ever made*, being that at the VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873, at which other American organs in competition were judged in an official report to the Austrian government, "not to rise above respectable mediocrity" in comparison.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. SEVEN STOPS. *Bass*—Viola. Diapason. *Treble*—Flute, Melodia. *Throughout*—Vox Humana. Knee Swell. I. Forte. II. Forte. Upright Resonant Case, with revolving Fall-Board. Cash Price, $144.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS received from the Austrian Industrial Society of Vienna their GRAND SILVER MEDAL and DIPLOMA of HONOR, awarded to EMMONS HAMLIN for important improvements effected by him, and presented exclusively in these organs.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. NINE STOPS. *Bass*—Diapason, Viola. *Treble*—Melodia, Flute, Voix Celeste, Sebaphone. *Throughout*—Vox Humana. Knee Swell. I. Forte. II. Forte. Upright Resonant Case, with revolving fall-board. Cash Price, $180.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS were awarded a GRAND SILVER MEDAL of HONOR, the highest premium at the Industrial Exposition in LINZ (AUSTRIA), 1875; also in SANTIAGO (CHILI), 1875.

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## THE BOUDOIR.

We had the pleasure of attending an unusually handsome opening of suits, sacques, etc., in one of our leading houses. Too much praise cannot be awarded for the fine taste displayed, both as regards combination of color and artistic design in the styles displayed. As far as our space will permit, and our memory serve us, we shall endeavor to describe such of the costumes and wraps regarded as the prominent and leading modes.

In reception dresses the combinations preferred seemed to be plain-colored silks, and what is known as damasse silk, in corresponding tints, or else of cream color. The leading features of the damasse are softness, and an uneven surface, upon which appear brocaded figures either in arabesque designs or leaves and flowers.

Cashmere lace in very beautiful designs was given preference in trimming reception dresses.

A reception dress of black silk, combined with cream-tinted damasse, was made with a long, full train. The damasse was introduced into the side widths in longitudinal pleatings, which upon one side took the form of an immensely deep pocket, pointed at the bottom, and laid in pleats turning one way, which were so graduated as to widen out in a fan shape near the waist; bows of cream-colored failla ribbon, disposed in graceful loops, attach the drapery of the scarfs which cross the front breadths. These scarfs are of the damasse, edged with deep cashmere lace, and the looping, and disposing of them requires a thorough artiste, and must be seen to be appreciated. There are puffs and loops in the back also, and a long sash end of damasse laid in kilt folds.

The basque is cuirass form, and has the long seams commencing on the shoulder, which give the long-waisted, slender effect so much affected now. The sleeve was a loose coat sleeve, with a flared cuff of damasse, and revers cut in points. Cashmere lace trimmed them, and an inner quilling of fine crepe lisse fell over the hand. A small, round, upright collar at the throat.

A street dress of brown silk had the lower skirt trimmed, for the depth of three quarters of a yard, with upturned folds, an inch and a half in width, of alternately silk and pale, brownish-grey camel's hair. These folds were intersected at distances of about twelve or fourteen inches, around the entire skirt, by pyramidal-shaped knife pleatings of brown silk, giving a striking and quite novel effect. The back widths were drawn together just above these folds by a casing underneath, and tapes run in. The overdress was a polonaise of the camel's hair, trimmed with the brown silk, and having bows of the silk, with deep loops, disposed down the front to close it. Collarette of two rows of knife pleating, laid flat, and ending on the bust; cuffs of brown silk, and deep pleated pocket of the same.

A striking dress for house or carriage wear only, was composed of dark blue silk and cream colored damasse. It was made Gabrielle, and close fitting, with the long shoulder seams. The cream colored material was combined in such a way as to give the effect of a Jutve overdress, to which we have before referred. The peculiarity of this dress, apart from the intricate draping and arrangement of the two materials, was that it was laced from top to bottom with a dark blue silk cord, passed through eyelet holes wrought in blue silk. Cashmere lace entered largely into the trimming of this robe also.

A noticeable dress of plum-colored silk had the same features of the brown silk dress, only that the combination was made with pearl-colored damasse, which had a plum-colored figure in it, and the trimming of the polonaise was fringe.

In black silk suits we saw some of a quality and richness unsurpassed. The silk was of the kind known as cashmere sublime, and is superior to any other kind. It is, of course, expensive.

One suit had two bias flounces on the underskirt, and scarfs draped across the front for an overskirt. The deep pleated pocket on the right side, and arrangement of pleats and drapery on the other side to correspond, was a leading feature in these, as well as the colored tints. Fringe of an unusual depth, and superfine quality, sometimes intermingled with crimped silk tape and chenille, and sometimes combined with passamenterie, was largely used in the trimming of these suits. The long seams commencing on the shoulder prevailed, and the cuirass basque, fitting closely down to the figure, behind and in front, was the style preferred for the waist. Loose coat sleeves and high round collars with "broken points" were the characteristics.

On many of the suits button moulds, covered with the silk, were used; on others, small crochet buttons. On some the deep pocket reached from the waist to the bottom of the dress, in the fan-shaped pleats described. In others it was placed low down, suspended by bias folds of silk cord, the pocket gathered or box plaited, and trimmed with ribbon bows and loops.

A noticeable knife pleating was put on a lower skirt in this way—first box pleated, in what is termed "rose pleating," then knife pleated afterwards in very fine pleats. Imagine the time and trouble it took, but the effect was beautiful.

We will have to defer an account of the sacques, etc., until next time.

A beautiful overdress of ecru Spanish lace had a half-loose sacque, closing diagonally, and both trimmed with ecru Spanish blonde, looped with black ribbon.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Necklaces of Whitby jet, cable chain with three carved medallion shaped pendants, are fashionably worn for deep mourning, as well as for an accompaniment to other toilettes.

The newest chatelaine attachments consist of small mirror, set in frame of oxydized silver, and vinaigrette bottle of the same material, with fan chain.

"Flirtation fans" are shown, made of marabout feathers, with a bud on the outside, above which the feathers are so arranged that a breath will stir them, revealing an opening, through which the bright eyes of the coquette may peep and "do damage"—any amount!

Very stylish sleeve buttons of California wood are shown.

A novelty in bracelets consists of one or two chains of small balls, the size of ordinary shot, silvered, and connected by a silver band or slide.

Vinaigrette of polished muscle shells, connected by a silver edge, and showing the purple tints of the shell very clearly, are among the novelties.

Now belts of alternate squares of black velvet or Russia leather and oblong pieces of oxydized metal are shown.

Dog collars of polished silver plate, with large octagonal balls, connected by fine filagree links, are the newest.

A fan holder is shown in woven silver wire, elastic, and which slips readily over the hand, adjusting itself to the wrist, a pendant end holding the fan.

Beautiful fans of black silk are shown, with figures and sometimes a small landscape on one side, done in pastel painting.

Composite jewelry, imitating so perfectly the best Whitby jet as to be almost undistinguishable, is shown, inlaid with clusters of pearls and fine threads of gold.

The principal shape of the earrings and breastpin is an oblong cube, sometimes pointed at each end, sometimes square, pendant from a smaller cube by fine gold chains.

Coralline necklaces in oblong links are among the imitation jewelry—very pretty they are, too.

Creole scarfs for the neck are pale tan color or grayish, and are of net fringes on the ends.

The "Work Table" is unavoidably crowded out this issue.

Ties of ecru batiste are trimmed with cashmere lace ends and Irish point; or else embroidered in self-colored silk.

Jackets are all made long.

Black lace mittens will be worn in the summer.

Foulards and cambrics are to be used for street dresses.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. S. M. MURRAY, Tipton, Iowa.—Received your letter, and will give you result of our search in a day or two.

RUSTIC.—For answer to your first question concerning the print dresses, we refer you to POST, No. 36, "Work Table," for one style. A simpler one would be to have either Gabrielle wrapper, which is cut gored, and have a deep bias flounce at the bottom; or else have skirt, overskirt and half-loose basque or French sacque. The overskirt should be deep and round; the sacque edged with gathered ruffle, knife pleating, or plain bias fold. We can furnish patterns of the wrapper for fifty cents, and two stamps for mailing, or patterns of underskirt, overskirt and sacque for sixty cents, and stamps for mailing. 2. Combs are still fashionable, and are of many shapes and different material. Tortoise shell, or the excellent imitation, are most generally worn, although vulcanite is popular, too, and for very elaborate occasions we have seen them made of silver, gilt, and coral—the tops, of course. 3. Martha Washington handkerchiefs are three cornered in shape, and may be of muslin, sheer and fine, edged with lace, or of silk, or crepe de Chine. They are laid on the neck in soft folds, brought forward and crossed in front.

NINON.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT.

## Sketches of a Few Prominent Men AND LEADING ENTERPRISES OF PHILADELPHIA.

### NUMBER I.

THOMAS A. SCOTT AS A RAILROAD MANAGER.

The name is almost as familiar as that of Grant or Washington, and the curiosity to know what sort of man the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company really is, and what class of men he belongs to, is almost if not quite as deep, and certainly as natural, as the desire for information concerning the leading generals and Presidents of the nation. Indeed, considering the number of people that travel in these days, and that have, of necessity, constant dealings with railroad companies, it may be set down as a fact that an energetic, comprehensive and just management of the great railroad interests of the country is of well nigh as much importance as a similar sort of management of our national politics. In the millenium, doubtless both interests will be properly cared for, if indeed we shall need legislatures or steel rails in those longed for days. Till then, however, we cannot well be too grateful to Dame Nature for evolving such men as Colonel Scott to take care of those great corporations which, in all nations, rule the rulers and shape and modify the laws that help or hinder modern civilization. We give a picture of President Scott, that the readers of the POST may avail themselves of the pleasure of tracing in his face some of the characteristics we shall mention. For every faculty and force of the man is marked on the face of him, if you only know how to read the lines.

We do not imagine that America grows all the great men. We know well enough to the contrary. In fact the United States do not get more than their share of clear and great minds. Our free schools and general freedom of opportunity simply help those who have greatness in them, to express it, though they may be born poor. But genius has in all times and nations found a way out of whatever disadvantages surrounded it, and has made itself felt in the minds and hearts of the world. Mr. Scott belongs to this class. Born in an age and State when and where some of the greatest questions of railroad engineering and management were to be settled, he was also born with a special head for settling them. He has a natural genius for railroading, and as soon as he touched the work it responded like music to the mind. Colonel Scott is President of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company as well as of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For nearly a score of years his name has been familiar to the people of the United States in connection with great railway enterprises, and in all that time his ability has been unquestioned, his energy recognized, and his power appreciated in every section of the Union. He was born in the village of London, Franklin County, Pa., on the border of the Cumberland Valley, and commenced his career in 1841, when he was appointed Clerk to the Collector of Tolls at Columbia. From there he was, in 1847, transferred to the Collector's office at Philadelphia as Chief Clerk. In 1850 he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as Station Agent at Duncansville, the then western terminus of the road, from whence he was transferred to the western division as its Superintendent. In 1853 he was appointed General Superintendent of the road, and distinguished himself in that capacity by the introduction of various improvements tending greatly to facilitate the business of the transportation department. In 1860 he was elected Vice-President of the company, and continued in that position until 1874, when, on the death of Mr. Thomson, he was elevated to the Presidency. During his long connection with the company he, more than any other man, conceived and consummated the plans which have made it beyond question the greatest railway corporation in the world, extending over and connecting together a wider scope of territory and a grander system of interests than was ever yet reached by a single transportation system.

When the rebellion burst upon the country in 1861, Colonel Scott was called into the service of the Government at Washington, and continued his connection with the War Department until September, 1863, performing a vast amount of valuable labor. His services were highly appreciated by President Lincoln, and called forth the warmest encomiums of Secretary Stanton and other distinguished military and civil officials with whom he was brought in contact.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the duties devolving upon Colonel Scott because of his official connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company he has been called upon at different times to give his aid and counsel to other enterprises of great importance. Among the positions he has filled were those of President of the Union Pacific Railroad Co., and at one time the presidency of the Erie Railway was tendered him. He now holds the presidency of the Pennsylvania Company—a corporation subsidiary to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which controls and manages near five thousand miles of railroad in the West and Northwest—and of the Northern Central Railway Company—a very important railroad line running north from Baltimore. He is connected as director with the management of at least a score of other important corporations, and in addition to all these duties finds time to act as a Park Commissioner for the City of Philadelphia, and aid actively and effectually a number of local and benevolent movements. His faculty for the transaction of business is truly wonderful, and the quickness and correctness of his perceptions have impressed many who were themselves no "pigmies in the world's aggregation." It is this positive, pointed, momentary and yet clear and comprehensiveness of judgement, coming of what the naturalists call the faculty of *attention*, or concentration on one thing for the moment that especially marks the business ability and action of the man. There is no wandering from the point under consideration, but a clear looking through it, quick as thought can act, and as quick a decision thereon.

Asked to distinguish him from the ordinary leading business men of this generation and country, we should say, *first*, he is in manner and work more natural and simple and less pretentious than they. You would never suppose that there was any more in the man than, on closer acquaintance, you would find to be in him. *Second*—In appearance and general bearing Col. Scott is one of the most cosmopolitan men we have ever met. You might as readily take him for a cultivated Englishman, or German, of the very highest type, as for an American. It is the very best of our Pennsylvania outgrowth of the Saxon race gone to railroading, making the crooked straight and the rough places smooth, so that the "wayfaring man, though a fool," may ride or run where he wills, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and not err therein; and certainly not get his neck broken more than once in a lifetime.

If the Texas-Pacific Railroad, which is intended to run from Marshall, Texas, via El Paso and a point near the southeast boundary of California, to San Diego, California, is not the grand success it ought to be, in view of the present and future business interests of the southern section of this country, it will not be from any want of a thorough and conscientious management of its president, whom we have long ago set down as the ablest railroad man in the world in this or any previous generation.

A few months ago when the old Market Street Bridge was burnt down, and we were all wondering how we should get along previous to and during the Centennial Exhibition without a bridge over the Schuylkill at Market street, Colonel Scott, in behalf of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, said, "We will build you a bridge in thirty days for $65,000." And he had it built in less time and for less money, and handed the balance of the cash back to the authorities of the city. There was no red tape or stealing about it. It was quick work, clearly conceived, and rapidly yet well and honestly done. Quickness, clearness, simplicity, concentration, comprehensiveness, and healthy energy, with the strictest integrity, are the marked characteristics of the man in all his work.

### MRS. PARTINGTON'S MILD PROTEST.

"Do I look like an octagon?" asked Mrs. Partington as she sat at breakfast yesterday at the Grand Central, Oakland, with the *Chronicle* before her, and George, the beaming and genial exponent of gastronomic science, pouring her Mocha. "Do I look like an octagon?" placing her finger smilingly on the paragraph fixing her age at seventy-seven. "An octagon, indeed!" she continued, not severely, a smile wreathing her lips as the odor of the coffee exhaled, and her spectacles were dewy with the rising vapor from her cup; "they will, perhaps, make me a centurion next, and a relict of antipathy, but this is the year for such, and perhaps I should be grateful for it, as age is honorable and I might find a place at the National Imposition. Yet it is best not to assume years any more than virtues, and I shall be content if I am never older than I am now. This coffee is very flagrant, George," and as she spoke she gazed into the cup, seeing therein her good looks reflected which sixty years had not impaired, while George beamed down upon her with radiant satisfaction.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

NEVER throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose the wiser to get all the play you can for your money.

## PERSONALITIES.

THE identical chairs and desks of Cass, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Douglas, and Benton, still remain in the Senate Chamber, and are in daily use.

SECRETARY TAFT, while a tutor at Yale, had in his classes such promising boys as William M. Evarts, Henry L. Dawes, Morrison R. Waite, and Edwards Pierrepont.

WHEN Madame MacMahon gives a ball, a cord stretched across the room prevents too near approach of the crowd upon the lady and her intimate friends. P. S.—France is a Republic.

BIGNOLI is the father of twins, and has had other trials during his long career, but he never knew what real trouble was until he picked up a New York paper the other morning and found himself referred to as the "silver-nosed tenor."

MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, wife of Clarke Davis, managing editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, contributes to *Harper's Monthly* an interesting paper on "Old Philadelphia." It is illustrated, and will be continued.

WASHINGTON'S family Bible, three volumes, is on exhibition in a Chestnut street store, Philadelphia. It is for sale at the price of three thousand dollars. George Washington's autograph appears in each volume. It ought to be purchased for Mt. Vernon.

THE Beefsteak Club has been revived in London, with two hundred members, noblemen, gentlemen connected with art, literature and the drama, all of whom must have done something real to gain the entree. The club house is in King William street, Strand; the cook is the old cook of Pratt's, there is a strong wine committee, and Bass supplies the ale.

SECRETARY BRISTOW, so the story runs, was looking for a house in Washington last fall, and at length found one that he liked. He asked what the rent was. "Seven thousand a year," said the agent. The Secretary meditated a moment, and then said, "I was wondering what I could possibly do with that other thousand." His salary is eight thousand a year. He didn't take the house.

DR. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, remembered in this country by the nickname of "Bull Run Russell," will represent the London *Times* at the Centennial; Godfrey Turner comes for the *Daily Telegraph*; J. C. Parkinson, *Daily News*; and A. G. Dudley Ward will describe the show for the *Morning Post*. Russell is now on his way home from India with the Prince of Wales.

GEN. ADAM E. KING, of Baltimore, has been selected to deliver the oration before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on the 6th of June, on the occasion of the annual meeting in this city. Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock is president of the society, and Col. Biddle, chairman of the committee of arrangements. The orator last year was Major General A. E. Burnside.

THE Labrador, the largest vessel that ever arrived at Philadelphia, brought to that port a cargo of German exhibits for the Centennial. Her length is 420 feet, breadth of beam, forty-eight feet, and gross tonnage, 4,500 tons. She was built last year in Scotland. Her engines are of a compound pattern, with four cylinders, and a capacity of 2500 horse-power. Her passenger accommodations are as follows: Of the first-class, for 160; second, 12; third, 653, and fourth, 450; total, 1388.

THE "grit" of the New England girl has seldom been displayed to better advantage than on the occasion of the fire in Danielsonville. The telegraph operator, Miss Shumway, was called to send dispatches to Norwich. The building in which the office was located was all aflame, but with rare coolness she sent the message, surrounded by flames, and nearly stifled with smoke. Her hand was nearly covered with cinders, and the door-knob was too hot to be handled with comfort.

A EUROPEAN correspondent thus writes of Strauss, the composer of dance music: "He is as nervous as a composer as he is as director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame, and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the salon he clutches his papers and goes to his bedroom or to his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Frau Strauss, who appreciates and understands her John's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in every nook her Herr finds himself he is quite at home. It was only through her influence that he was induced to undertake a dramatic work."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Drunkard's Vow. A Tribute. An Adventure in Texas. A Strange Story. Romance in Real Life. "To her I love."

G. M. L.—The Continental Hotel of Philadelphia covers 41,536 square feet of ground, and is six stories in height.

L. J. M.—The laws on the subject of divorce vary so much in the different States, that we must advise you to consult a lawyer on your individual case.

ECONOMY.—To clean straw hats, rub the soiled straw with a cut lemon and a little salt, and wash off the juice with water. Then sprinkle a little gum-water on them to stiffen, and dry in the sun.

FRANCIS B.—The word "cicerone" is an Italian word, and properly should be pronounced chi-che-ro-ny, the ch soft as in cheese. But you can pronounce it as an English word, if you please, only take care to pronounce the final *e*.

LILIAN.—Have nothing whatever to do with such a young man. One who spends all his time in theatres and drinking saloons, is never home till one or two o'clock in the morning, and openly scoffs at religion, should be avoided by any young lady who has any respect for herself.

THOS. H. W. (Minburn.)—We should be very happy to oblige an old reader of the POST like yourself, one of thirty-five years' standing, but we could not republish the story you refer to without rendering ourselves liable to a penalty for infringing the copyright laws. The paper in which you read it is still published and owns the copyright, we presume.

HATTIE.—The best plan in such a case is to have a plain and kindly explanation with the young man, instead of listening to all the different versions of the story that may be brought to you, and worrying yourself into a fever of jealousy, most probably all about nothing in the end. For our part, we can see nothing in what you tell us to provoke such a tempest as you are raising, and feel sure that he will be able to give you a satisfactory explanation, if you will only ask him for it.

ENQUIRER.—What would be a suitable gift for a young lady on her wedding day very much depends upon the tastes of the young lady and her future husband, and also what presents other friends may have made her. The worldly circumstances of the young couple should also be taken into consideration, and also the means of the giver and his relationship to or terms of intimacy with her and her family, and therefore it is impossible, without knowing the circumstances, to advise.

G. A.—We can hardly decide upon any course to advise you to take, as we do not know what reason your mother may have for her objections. However, we feel confident that a mother will not advise her children unless for their good. This we will venture to advise you in. Weigh well your mother's counsel, and if you cannot act wholly in accordance with her views, do not act too hastily. Wait two or even three years. You are very young to think of taking upon yourself the cares of a household. Remember always there is no truer friend on earth than your mother.

BASHFUL BEN.—We cannot help you out of your difficulty. In the matter of love and proposing, it would be hard to lay down any formal rules. The heart is its own teacher, and if its impulses are true, your looks, words and actions will speak for themselves. Even awkwardness is sometimes eloquent, and makes a deeper and more lasting impression than the most easy self-possession, since it is a proof of the sincerity of your passion, and the modesty and diffidence of real love. You had much better speak to her on the subject, as we are never in favor of doing such matters by writing, when they can be done in person.

DON JOSE.—Don Juan Carlos, the pretender to the crown of Spain, is the only son of Don Carlos, brother of King Ferdinand VII. The Don Carlos who was the son of King Philip II was never married, and died in the year 1567. The party in Spain called the Carlists were so called from being the supporters of the cause of Don Carlos, the brother of King Ferdinand VII, when, on the death of the latter, he contended for the succession to the throne against his own niece, Isabella II, the daughter of Ferdinand. The supporters of Isabella were called Christinos, after Christina, the queen mother.

GEORGIE V. wishes to know what to talk about to a bashful young man in order to fascinate him. Not being acquainted with the young man, we do not know what subjects would suit his capacity or take hold of his fancy. He may be a very dull-headed fellow, and so insensible to any but the very smallest of small talk. Or he may be sly, and biding his time for an opportunity to speak with a vengeance. Georgie must rely on her woman's wit, and bring him to book as best she can. If he is worthy and loves her, and has some grains of common sense, it will not be long before his tongue finds its office. True love, the poets tell us, can make even the dumb speak.

D. C. L. (Reading.)—"Who was Shelah? and why should the day after St. Patrick's Day be called Shelah's Day? are two questions that have been puzzling some of us; and seeing that you answer almost every kind of question, we come to you for an explanation." Shelah was an old lady who, it is, or used to be, popularly believed in Ireland, on the death of St. Patrick, flew up to the moon, with all the feather beds in Antrim on her shoulder, and from thence scattered the feathers over the country to admonish men that the earth should know rest no more. This accounts, of course, for the day being generally one of a mixture of snow and rain, the flakes of snow representing the feathers of the beds.

N. F. S. (Wilmington.)—"Why was the red, white and blue chosen for the American banner, and what does each color represent?" The colors are not emblematic. The history of the flag is, in brief, as follows: In 1794, when there were fifteen States, Congress passed an act declaring that the flag of the United States should consist of fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union should be fifteen stars, white in a blue field. The stars and stripes were by this act to be equal in number. This act was repealed in 1818 by another which declared that it should consist of only thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be twenty stars; and that upon the admission of every new State, one star be added to the Union. This has been done, and now there are thirty-seven stars in the blue field. Thus the flag is emblematic of two things: the thirteen stripes indicate the thirteen original States, while the stars always show the number of States in the Union.

J. G. B. says she had a beau who was very attentive and said all manner of nice things, but never proposed, and finally left her, and the next thing she heard of him that he was paying the same attentions to another young lady. She wants to know what she should do. Why, nothing, of course, but congratulate herself upon having been so lucky as to get rid of such a very unsatisfactory kind of a beau. We have come across plenty of just such young men, and our opinion of them is that they never have any real love for anybody but themselves, and that all they care for, when they pretend to make love, is to amuse themselves as long as they may choose, and end by going off when they are tired. A man who stops paying attention to a lady on the pretence that his love has changed, or that "he loves her no longer, but now loves another" is a conscious deceiver. He knows very well that he has not loved, and that he does not love, and that he does not intend to keep faith with any of the girls he is trifling with. True love does not seek change, nor will it give up its object for any but the most overwhelming reasons.

INQUIRER.—The most ancient manuscripts of the Scriptures are not older than the 5th century; one is in the Vatican library, another, the Alexandrian manuscript, is in the British Museum. They are written straight on, without any division of words, without any points, and without any distinction of small and capital letters, and in the latter manuscript there is not even a division between the epistles of St. Paul, but all the epistles run straight on. It was not until the 9th century that the writers thought of leaving a space between the words. The comma was invented in the 8th century; the note of interrogation in the 9th; but even when the art of printing was invented, the printers used points very arbitrarily, not fully comprehending their use. None of the original manuscripts of the Scriptures exist. They show in St. Mark's Cathedral, in Venice, a small portion of the original of St. Mark's Gospel, like an old letter under a glass cover; it is impossible, however, to read a word of it, and of its genuineness we need hardly say there is room for very serious doubts.

MISCELLANEOUS—Miss A. L. R. (Perryville.)—The 12th of June, 1823, fell upon a Friday. M. D.—Obedience to parents should always be a paramount consideration. TOBY.—Either a reconciliation or a quarrel is now inevitable; which of the two we must leave to your own feelings. J. L. R.—There would be no impropriety in your notifying him of your return, as otherwise he might not become aware of the interesting fact. W. B. F. says that all he wants is common sense; we do not dispute it for a moment. INQUIRER.—The gentleman, if he has the means; if not, mutually. ANNIE.—You acted with very becoming spirit, and we congratulate you on being a free woman once more. ST. O.—Wait a little longer, and let time settle the matter for you. PUZZLEHEAD.—You should have shown firmness at the outset; want of that has been the cause of your difficulties. It is not yet too late. M. A. B.—Tonic medicine, with pure air and exercise, would be much better, in our opinion.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*